A SOVEREIGN'S-WORTH FOR A PENNY

# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 138. [ Published Every Monday. ] WEEK ENDING JUNE 24TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 138. WEEK ENDING JUNE 24TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

## WATER POLO.

### THE GOALKEEPER'S WORK.

The post of goalkeeper is not much sought er at water polo, and is usually thrust upon the rst swimmer in the team. This is a mistake, a man cannot keep goal well unless he is a od swimmer.

The position, moreover, calls for judgment, rapid ion, safe and sure catching, ability to throw or nch the ball out at once, and in the most useful ection, and so the idea that anyone can keep al at water polo is a highly erroneous one.

The goalkeeper should learn to avoid throwing e ball past the centre of the bath.

When he sees that he is likely to be tackled by e opposing forwards the goalkeeper should her pass out to his backs or give away a corner. Goalkeepers, and indeed all players, are apt nporarily to lose their sight after going under ter. The best and simplest remedy is to rub e eyelids.

## A LUNCH HINT

### FOR CYCLISTS AND RAMBLERS.

It is not easy to get away from the everlasting ndwich as a handy, portable, and convenient nch when away from one's ordinary supplies. he sandwich has a way of filling one up without tisfying one. It also has the effect of making any people so thirsty that it causes one to take ch draughts of anything that is handy as will fit one for any further exercise. Yet with all ese drawbacks it is still very popular.

The reason is, as much as anything, that the ndwich is easily made and can be taken in the gers. It needs no plate, knife, fork, salt, or pper, or mustard. If properly made it contains fficient of the three condiments.

There is no necessity for food for a day awheel afoot to be taken in the sandwich form, owever, if we remember that there are dozens eatables that are equally easily carried, and at can be picked up in the fingers and carried the mouth.

This is the only limitation—this necessarily mple method of feeding oneself. But with it ere is wide scope.

To mention but a few, cold chicken cut in conient chips or chunks, hard-boiled eggs, any rd cheese, bread and butter, lettuce and several uits can be packed up together quite conveniently d can be eaten, at a pinch, with the fingers ithout unpleasantness.

Made up into sandwiches these things would ot prove half so attractive; but spread out upon e white napkin in which they have been carried, nd taken in the usual order of a meal, they prove uch more appetising and far more satisfying.

## CHEEK.

Miss Marie Tempest, at the time of writing, is appearing in a sketch called "Circe and the Pigs." A Cockney playgoer declares that it has come to stye.

* * *

We are informed that "The prize sweet peas are growing taller daily." So are a certain daily paper's stories about them.

* * *

A writer in a contemporary is anxious to know what gifts the English nation can present to the Colonies. Why not some of our London statues? They wouldn't be missed much.

* * *

"London," says a writer, "is full of anomalies." "Yes," assented dear old Mrs. Footler. "What with these Americans, and Maoris, and people, there'll be no room for Englishmen soon!"

* * *

A recent auction of antiques in New York was called "The 'Hoe' Sale." It is understood that money was raked in.

* * *

Mr. G. K. Chesterton asserts that to make a man comfortable is to make him the reverse of sociable. Is this why Covent Garden Opera House is such a favourite place for conversation?

* * *

"It is by exercise of the indomitable will to succeed that Mme. Melba is Mme. Melba," says Mr. Landon Ronald. The question arises—*Why* is Mr. Landon Ronald Mr. Landon Ronald?

* * *

Says the "Philadelphia Ledger": "It's a waste of time to worry about the time you have wasted." Chorus from Portland: "Yus, but what abaht the time you're *doin'*?"

* * *

"M. A. P." offers its readers the services of a special commissioner, who will investigate "any scandal . . . which you think affects you personally." Please, kind "M. A. P." can I have him for awhile? I want to know why I haven't been appointed editor of the "Times" yet.

* * *

A new Parisian burlesque is called "Hell." I am told that the production is going like it, too.

* * *

A writer remarks that Mr. Arthur Bourchier, with his beard, presented an extraordinary resemblance to Mr. Bernard Shaw. I wonder which of the two distinguished gentlemen bore the suggestion with the greater degree of equanimity?

J. S. Cox.

## WATER.

### A TIP TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

In fixing up your holiday there is one point which is often overlooked, yet it is one on which a great deal of your comfort depends. This hint is specially important if you are going to spend your fortnight in a farmhouse or an inland village. Make sure that there is an adequate and pure supply of water.

It is no uncommon thing, even in England to-day, for villages to depend on rain-water for all purposes. This is often collected in a tank, and the taste is not pleasant. Indeed, no townsman can drink it.

Country people, perhaps from long use, can put up with it, but the average man can't.

Be sure, therefore, to ask about the water supply. This is no fanciful picture, for many a holiday has been partly spoiled through neglecting this precaution. A plentiful supply of pure water is necessary for a hundred different purposes, and the prettiest village is a fraud without it.

## PUNT POLES.

### WHICH ARE BEST?

Punt poles are known as "natural" or "made" poles, according to whether they are made from the natural stem of a small larch tree, from which the bark has been removed, or from the best white pine.

The pole, of course, must be shod with a suitable iron, consisting of a socket into which the pole is fitted, and a fork for gripping the bed of the river when punting.

The fork is made in two shapes. In the first the two prongs are bent round towards each other; in the second they stick straight out.

The rounded fork is supposed to be less liable to pick up stones than the other, but if you do get a stone in it, it is far more difficult to dislodge than from the second kind of fork.

The points of a good pole are straightness, stiffness, freedom from knots, and a good balance. A suitable pole for the average punter is one 14 t. long, and from 5¼ to 5½lb. in weight.

A pole will soon go wrong unless taken care of. It should never be leaned against a wall, or laid down with its ends resting on elevated objects and nothing under its middle.

The best place for a pole when not in use is on a level floor and in a cool place.

The pole should be given a coat of thin varnish when put away for any length of time, but this coat must be removed by sand-papering before you go punting again, as you cannot get a proper grip on a varnished pole once it becomes wet. Never go punting without a spare pole.

# GENTLEMEN, THE KING!

## A HUMBLE TRIBUTE.

I have the honour of proposing the toast of the King, and of presenting to him, on your behalf and my own, this humble tribute.

The King, gentlemen, is the symbol of our country. Loyalty to the throne means not only loyalty to a person but loyalty to one's nation and its best traditions.

Loyalty to a nation and its traditions seems, when you come to think of it, an abstract sort of thing, and unsatisfying. We are all of us prepared to do our utmost for the prosperity of our country, and in time of trouble we are all of us ready to risk our lives for that piece of earth that we can call the Homeland. In time of peace it is difficult to realise the national ideal in an abstract way, but we find vent for our patriotic feelings by doing our homage to the throne.

### A KING AND A MAN.

On the occasion of His Majesty's Coronation the importance of the throne is brought more prominently than usual before us. The throne is part of the British Constitution, and as such it merits, at all times, our respect.

But I think, gentlemen, that in proposing this toast I am right in saying that all of us feel that our present King represents something more than a part of the British Constitution. He is more than a figure-head. He is a man.

One of his favourite recreations is riding, and when he is in residence in London he generally rides every morning in the Row.

He is dressed like any other British gentleman, and when you see him there is nothing to tell you that here comes the King.

Not very long ago, while riding in the Row, His Majesty heard that a lady had been thrown from her horse, and that she had been taken to St. George's Hospital near by. As soon as the news was brought to him he pulled up, and gave instructions that inquiries should be made as to how she was progressing.

### THE KINDLY HEART.

He was taking his recreation on horseback, and a woman who had been doing the same had been hurt. His interest in riding ceased and was centred on the victim of the accident. It is only a little point, but it shows a kind heart.

To say that the King's heart is kind seems almost high treason because the expression is so weak. Since his accession to the throne there have been several terrible accidents—for example, the calamity in the Cumberland mines—but on every occasion those who have been bereaved have received comfort from the personal sympathy of His Majesty, who has made inquiries, not only in a formal way, but with real personal interest.

In a word, he has made the nation his children, and their sorrows are his sorrows.

This week the King will be crowned with all solemnity in Westminster Abbey. The strain of the Coronation ceremony and of the Royal Progress which follows it, will be enormous. His Majesty realised this, and, knowing that for the sake of the pleasure of his people he must appear at his best, he decided to take a rest. Where did he seek that rest? At Aldershot, with his Army.

He did not go there in state, nor were there any Royal reviews. His visit was of a private character, and he rode here and there, seeing his Army at work and dispensing with all ceremony, giving a kindly word of encouragement both to officers and to men, and doing more in a few days towards making the Army efficient through its enthusiastic loyalty than a hundred generals could have done in a year.

### ONE OF THEMSELVES.

The soldiers who came in contact with him were sweating, and they knew that he was sweating too. It was a little thing, but it made them realise that he was just a man like themselves—a fine British gentleman, whom one could like and respect apart altogether from his official position as King.

King George has an exceptional gift of oratory. He can make and deliver a speech that not only rouses enthusiasm, but that expresses in words a national feeling. I wish that I had something of his gift in writing this humble tribute. But words count for little, the feeling is the great thing.

We all feel, gentlemen, that his Majesty is not only our King, but our friend and comrade as well.

I ask you to drink his very good health and happiness.

That God may bless him and prosper him and keep him well and safe and happy is the wish of all of us.

Gentlemen, "The King!"

J. A. SHEPHERD.

# CASTING HINTS.

## AN ANGLING LESSON.

Beginners when learning to cast a fly usually use the arm far too much. It is the rod, not the arm, that has to do the work; therefore, keep the elbow close to the side and make the rod bend backwards and forwards by sharp movements of the wrist only.

In making the overhead cast, be careful to let the line get well out behind you, and to make a perceptible pause before bringing it forward again, otherwise you are very likely to snap off the fly.

The underhand cast is particularly useful when fishing with the dry fly. Here the rod is held in a line with the ground. The great difficulty is to prevent the fly fouling the grass or other obstacles behind you, and it is no use trying this form of casting unless the ground behind is flat and clear.

A variation of the overhead cast is known as the steeple cast.

Here the object is to send the line high in the air when making the backward part of the cast. The steeple cast is very useful when there are bushes close behind you, as the line, being high in the air, keeps well clear of them.

To get out an extra long cast first use the steeple cast, and then pull a couple of yards or so off the reel, holding this slack in the left hand about a yard from the first ring.

Cast again, and at the moment of checking the rod in its downward movement let go the slack, and it will run out through the rings, and your fly will alight far out and as gently as gossamer.

# COUNTRY BORN.

## A FORTUNE THAT LASTS A MAN A LIFETIME.

To have been country-born and country-bred is much the same to a man as a perpetual income which is so tied up that he can neither anticipate it nor squander it.

Year after year the handsome interest from this investment is paid to a man with unfailing regularity; so much so, indeed, that the possessor of such sure fortune is often apt to forget his advantages, and to look upon his circumstances as though they were the common lot, and in his own case might be better.

And then the time comes when the truth is forced upon him that he is indeed wealthy beyond the power of the world to rob him, or even impoverish him, and he rejoices.

Even when he accepts his fortune as a matter of course, and forgets its source and its sureness, he is in reality piling up the interest to be enjoyed later on when he feels the need of it.

That he will feel the need of it is beyond a doubt. He will not always find his sufficiency of pleasure and work and life in the things of his own acquisition.

For a long time he may think little or not thing of his great good fortune, thrust upon him when he was country-born, and secured to him while he was being country-bred.

He will find all his work and his pleasure in the midst of the city where he has gone to his life's work.

Month after month he will indulge in all the delights of a life in which the country where he was born and bred have no part. This is the life of a city man.

To see him nightly arrayed in evening dress, at theatre, restaurant, or at his own dinner in his own little castle, one might be excused for considering him to be a man to whom all that the country means is little or nothing.

Then there comes something to bring a change of feeling within him. Perhaps a friend comes to see him wearing a rose just opening, and obviously not taken from a flower-girl's basket.

It may be some impalpable influence in the June air, even in the city heat, that sets him hungering for the country. I have known the yearning to be stimulated by a passing glimpse of a patch of buttercups on a suburban railway siding.

In any case, the man suddenly remembers that he has a heritage, a fortune, on which he has not drawn for many months, and he must needs get away to enjoy it.

And away goes his memory to the days when, perhaps, a secluded cottage was the paradise than which he thought there could be no better.

He recalls the little things of his early life, a tree, a dried-up stream bed in midsummer, a field-path leading nowhere in particular. He pictures a hedge piling higher and higher with new growth, and a faint odour of honeysuckle unmistakably passes him as he thinks and remembers.

It may be that a river pool comes into his field of vision. The sun is flickering through the overhanging, low-spreading branches of oak, and there is a steady rush of water through the open lock-gate. Here he caught his first trout, on a sweltering day, with fierce tormenting him, and a fierce excited anxiety lest his tackle should not stand the strain of that furious fish. His heart beats again with all the old energy and excitement.

And so he goes on drawing the accumulated interest in the first and finest recollections he ever stored up for future use, and then makes up his mind that the town has no more attraction for him—for the present.

C. Y. ARTHUR.

MPLETE SHORT STORY.

CHARLES MASTERMAN.

# THE MAN WHOSE LUCK WAS OUT

Whatever's up with Moorgate?" ob-ed Dillon in an undertone to the clerk worked next to him.

rown turned his head towards Moorgate immediately became intent with curiosity. ever a man with much colour, Moorgate just now as white as a ghost and sick-ing. He had not yet taken off his hat, was reading a letter which had come for that morning—reading it with starting and a hand that shook.

A nasty smack, from the look of it," mented Dillon. "Wonder if he's been ng up to any mischief."

A girl, perhaps," suggested Brown.

You never know. Look out! Here's dle coming."

r. Rendle, the office manager, was of conscientious type which believes in en-cing a subordinate's usefulness by be-ing his self-esteem.

orthwith at his advent heads were bent r desks, and pens began to scratch ener-cally.

Moorgate, however, continued to stare at letter. Mr. Rendle halted within a yard him, regarding him with thin-lipped dis-our.

Mr. Moorgate," he said—he always used prefix when he wished to be especially ng—"Mr. Moorgate, will you kindly ge me by looking at the clock?"

Mr. Moorgate looked up at the clock, then ked at Mr. Rendle, then seemed to regain e clearer consciousness of his surround-s.

"Twenty minutes late *again* this morn-," said Mr. Rendle. "And I'd like to ind you it's against the rules to receive vate letters addressed to the care of the n."

Mr. Moorgate muttered something. He ded up the letter and pocketed it with gers that still trembled.

"Get out your books and commence rk," commanded Mr. Rendle icily.

For a moment there seemed a possibility t Mr. Moorgate would refuse to do any-ng of the kind. His pale cheeks developed spot of colour near the cheek-bones, his es blazed.

But Mr. Rendle's cold glare had the culty from of old of ridding and routing position. Moorgate went over to the safe fetch his ledger (hanging up his hat on e way), and returned wearing an expression provocative unconcern.

I think it's getting about time," con-nued Mr. Rendle, "that I reported your ackness to Mr. Herbert."

You can do what you like," said Moor-dle.

What was that you said?" inquired Mr. ndle.

I said," repeated Moorgate loudly, "you do what you like." He banged open e ledger and reached for a pen. "Think care?" he said.

Mr. Rendle simply looked at him. The ole office suspended work to stare at this odern Ajax.

"Very good," said Mr. Rendle with biting flection. "You'll probably regret adopt-g this attitude before the day's out."

"Hah!" said Moorgate, to express his fire contempt for Mr. Rendle and anything might attempt to do. He stabbed at his spot viciously.

Unfortunately he overdid the violence of action and succeeded in upsetting it. A ue-black stream spread over the page of e ledger and splashed on to Moorgate's w light summer suit.

"Damn!" said Moorgate automatically.

*Damn!*" he reiterated as he saw what d happened to his clothes.

Mr. Rendle, overhearing the expletive, looked round and came back.

"That's about done it," whispered Dillon to his colleague.

"The sack sure," agreed Brown, who looked pleased—for in the misfortunes of others there is always some grain of satisfaction for ourselves.

Mr. Rendle made no comment. He merely inspected the damage and walked away again.

"I say, Dillon," called out Moorgate a minute later, "got his rag out fairly that time."

He straddled his stool with his face to the office and his back to his work, and prepared to dilate on the joy of independence.

"Say, you chaps," he began—and ceased when he saw that not a head was lifted to listen to him.

"Humph!" he said, looking round.

Ten minutes later he was summoned to the principal's office. Those close by heard the sound of high words. He came out with a red face and defiance writ large all over him.

His first visit was to the cashier's desk, where he received a fortnight's pay. He spent a short time at his desk, arranging things, pocketing a few private possessions. Then he put on his hat, and for the second time gazed around him . . . regarded with an odd expression the absorbed industry of those who had worked with him for varying years since his boyhood.

"Well," he said, "I'm off. . . . Good-day, you chaps."

"Good-day," they answered.

He hesitated a moment. Would not *one* of them offer to shake hands? . . . They perhaps feared it would prejudice their own position if they displayed friendliness towards him now. One learnt things when one suffered a change of fortune.

"Good-bye," he said again, going towards the door. "And good luck everybody."

Then he went out.

* * * * * * *

A few evenings later, at the little social club which a number of the clerks frequented, Moorgate turned up.

He was wearing a shabby suit of clothes; his appearance revealed dejection.

Dillon was the first one to be drawn aside and spoken to privately in an undertone.

"I'm sorry, old boy," said Dillon earnestly. "I'd let you have some willingly, if I could spare it."

Brown, under similar circumstances, was good enough to remind Moorgate that he had brought it on himself.

Another, who owed Moorgate a sovereign, promised to return it on the following Saturday—and didn't.

It was an unremunerative evening for Moorgate.

Time passed by, and then letters began to be received by Moorgate's late co-workers asking for temporary assistance.

He did not write cringingly. He said that so far he had not obtained another berth, and not a single farthing had he earned since leaving Herbert's. He promised that, whatever was lent to him, it should faithfully be repaid in a very short time. He asked that his word might be trusted on the strength of past acquaintance.

One man sent five shillings.

One evening about a week later Moorgate reappeared at the club, down at heel, his shoulders slack, his face needing a wash.

He said no word to anyone. He sat down for a time watching a game of billiards, and here it was that the newly-appointed secretary came to him and asked him for his subscription for the current quarter.

It was in effect an intimation to pay up or get out.

Moorgate looked up at him and for answer showed him the empty linings of his pockets.

"Lend us half a quid, Barker," he called out with a cackling laugh to one of the players.

Barker, turning his back, chalked his cue.

"I'm afraid," said Moorgate cynically to the secretary, "I shall have to send you a cheque."

The secretary strolled away with the mien of one insulted in the performance of duty.

Moorgate, with his mouth twisted in a bitter line, sat with his feet thrust out before him, his chin on his chest, his hands deep in his empty pockets. Many glanced askance at him, but none spoke.

At last a homely-featured young fellow with deep-set brown eyes and a stubborn jaw came across and dropped on to the lounge beside him.

"Have a cigarette, Moorgate?" he said.

"Thanks," said Moorgate, looking up.

They smoked in silence for a minute or two.

"Damned cads!" said Moorgate's companion audibly. "Coming out, old chap?"

He led the way, Moorgate at his heels. In the street he said—"For God's sake, don't give your neck, old chap. Tell me just how you're placed."

Moorgate, as they walked along side by side, told him.

* * * * * * *

An hour later Moorgate's companion re-entered the club. He called a number of the members together—members who had previously been intimate with Moorgate—and from his expression they perceived that something unusual was afoot.

"Would you fellows care to know what has happened to Moorgate?" he asked. "If you can spare the time and will come along with me, I'll show you."

They went with him after some little hesitation. He refused to answer any of their questions.

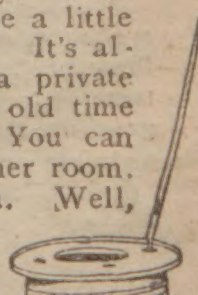
They traversed several streets, coming at length to the hall of a well-known quiet hotel. Their conductor went ahead up the stairs, halting at a closed door on the landing.

Someone took him suddenly by the sleeve. "Look here," said a jerky voice, "if Moorgate's made an end of himself, we—we don't want to see it."

The door just then was opened by Moorgate himself. He was startlingly different in appearance. His shabby clothes had been replaced by a well-cut dark suit, his linen was irreproachable, he was smiling.

"Here you are!" he said cordially. "Glad you've come. I want you all to have a little supper with me, if you'll honour me. It's already laid, you see. I engaged a private room, so that we might have a jolly old time together without being disturbed. You can shove your hats and coats in that inner room.

"You look surprised, all of you. Well,



I hope you'll forgive me for the gentle trick I've been playing on you. I came into a fortune of twenty thousand pounds the other week. An uncle of mine who'd always had a special fondness for me and had no children of his own. You never gave me any encouragement to tell you about it, so I had to make my own opportunity.

"What—going, Brown? Well, I'm sorry. I hope the rest of you won't follow him. I've had my taste of what it's like when a man's luck was out, and now I want you to help me enjoy it when it's in . . . Ring that bell for the waiter, Dillon."

## HOLIDAYS FOR CELEBRITIES.

### SOME SUGGESTED TOTAL CHANGES.

SOME OF OUR "STAR" ACTORS. They should go in for track-running. Thus they would be bound to "blow," instead of being "puffed."

SOME OF OUR SUFFRAGETTES. They should get married; and in course of time they would have atoms of humanity to carry in their arms, instead of being themselves hugged about by male nurses in blue.

A WELL-KNOWN AVIATOR. He ought to witness all the "classical dancing" performances. Then he could hardly help turning a rosy red, which would be such a pleasant change from being always White.

THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL." He might get a "walk on" in one of Mr. George Edwardes's musical comedies. After being so long concerned with the "Mail" he would naturally hail a certain amount of female society.

A CERTAIN "CLEVER" JOCKEY. He ought to have some teeth extracted. After having done so much "pulling" lately, a "pull" or two inflicted on him might bring relief.

MR. LEWIS WALLER. Our premier stage love-maker might do worse than spend his holiday writing for newspapers. Then he would probably learn to suit his Press, instead of always pressing his suit.

## IN A RACING MOTOR.

### SPEED, NERVE, AND MUSCLE.

To realise to the full the exhilaration of power combined with speed a man must have been driven in a racing motor-car, or better still, have taken part in an actual race. From the start to the finish of such a contest there is not one dull moment. Every second is spent at high pressure.

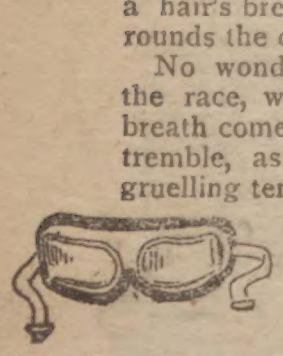
The starter raises his flag, and starts you off in your respective turn; and away dashes your car as though it were an immensely living animal, its engines throbbing like the heart of a good horse, and keenly desirous, as its master, to win the race.

Until now you have never realised how admirable are the qualities that go to the making of a motor-driver, especially the man who drives in races. His muscles are of iron, his nerves of steel, and his brain works throughout the race with the rapidity and directness of a telegraph.

See how he increases the car's speed as he takes the gradients. Whizz! From a flat surface the car flies towards the turn—a fearsome looking slope, in the middle of which your vehicle is tilted right over to one side as though you were "looping the loop." And see with what masterly precision he judges from a considerable distance the amount of swerve that will be necessary to pass the car in front of him.

Watch his wrists tighten as he turns the wheel a hair's breadth. Watch his jaw stiffen as he rounds the curve.

No wonder, you think, when he pulls up after the race, whether he has won or lost, that his breath comes in great gasps, and that his limbs tremble, as though he had taken part in a gruelling ten-miles run.



## RIDING RECOLLECTIONS

### STEEDS I HAVE BESTRIDDEN—AND DON'T WANT TO BESTRIDE AGAIN.

Equitation is a necessary part of an army officer's education, and begins at Sandhurst or Woolwich.

Of course, you may have learned to ride before going there, but I don't know that it is any particular catch having done so. If a riding-master, more especially an army riding-master, thinks *you* think you can ride, he is apt to prove conclusively that you can't.

Personally, before going to Sandhurst I had never had my leg across anything more excitable than a seaside donkey, and old Currycomb, wisely recognising that even he could not make a horseman of me, used to let me pretty much alone.

Still, I shiver now when I think of 7 a.m. riding-school in the depths of winter.

Cold as a well-made cocktail, with nothing but a numnah for a saddle, we paced round the riding-school waiting for the dreaded order "T-r-r-r-ot!"

This invariably sent me into loving embrace of my charger's neck, and sometimes it was quite half a minute before I finally slid to earth. I can hear it now, the rattle of hoofs against the boards as old Currycomb lashes out with the long whip, the "sickening thud" of gentlemen cadets coming down with a bump.

Old Currycomb would have had several fits if anyone had told him that I should ever play polo. Curiously enough, however, though I could not sit a horse and invariably fell off when he sneezed, I could ride a pony, probably because I was able to tie my attenuated legs in a knot under his tummy.

**A MORNING RIDER.**

Anyway, in the West Indies, where ponies were both cheap and good, I used to play polo, and was somewhat renowned for my command of that sulphurous language which is almost as essential to polo as it is to golf.

I remember a pony I had. He had a mouth like a piece of battleship's armour plate, and once in full career you might as well try to stop a tornado. This didn't matter very much at polo, at least, not when the other fellows had learned to get out of the way when they saw us coming—in trailing clouds of dust and glory. But it let me down badly with the "Scrumptious Girl" as I called her.

I met her at a dance and after supper proposed—no, not matrimony, but an early ride next morning. She consented, and at 6 a.m. next morning, having just had time to change my evening togs and tub, I sallied forth mounted on the iron-mouthed one.

Her home was by the side of a long straight road. As I approached I could see her waiting for me, dismounted, while her horse was led up and down.

**AN UNREHEARSED PERFORMANCE.**

I waved my sombrero in greeting. This startled my black-muzzled imp of darkness, and he promptly bolted. I sawed at his mouth for all I was worth, but in vain, and swept past my inamorata at about forty miles an hour. Half a mile further on I managed to get the brute's head round and returned at the charge. Again I was swept past the Gates of Paradise, and yet a third time was this ignoble performance repeated.

By this time I was pretty well bursting with rage and mortification, and when at the fourth attempt I again approached the gates, I seized the off rein in both fists and gave a mighty jerk.

Beelzebub answered to his helm, but he had too much way on him to come right round. He charged chest first into one of the gate pillars and shot me over his head on to the lawn.

This so startled the "Scrumptious Girl's" horse that he broke away, bolted, and wasn't caught for three hours.

As for the lady, she kept emitting funny little gasps and shrieks, and finally fled into the house.

Have you ever ridden a mule? If you have, you take my tip and remain in blissful ignorance. I believe there are decent riding mules, but there are others. I got one of them at a picnic party in the Blue Mountains of Jamaica.

The first thing he did was to reach round and try—not unsuccessfully either—to chew a bit of my leg.

Perhaps it didn't agree with him. Anyway, he was comparatively quiet for a space after that.

But it was when we got fairly into the mountains, and were riding along narrow paths bordered on the one side by sheer rock, on the other by about 3,000 feet of space, that he was fairly in his element.

First of all he would get on the extreme outside edge of the path, and pretend to slip, sending the earth and stones flying, while I kept bringing up my immortal soul and swallowing it again. Alternatively he would barge against the rock face and try to smash my leg in.

**MY FRIEND THE MULE.**

His walk was a nightmare, but Dante himself never conceived anything half so infernal as the idea of a trot. I can't describe it. You couldn't "post" to it, you couldn't sit down to it, it jarred every bone in your body, and chafed you not only in the usual places, but in many unexpected ones.

All this time I was supposed to be doing—after polite to a fair one on ahead.

Conversation proceeded something after the fashion.

"Yes, Miss Jones, a perfectly enchanting—ouch! Yes ouch."

"Yes, nothing so pleasant as—ugh! You nearly had us over that time, you snuff-coloured son of Belial."

"Shall we trot? Oh, delighted. Ouch. I didn't—quite—oh, Hades—catch—dam you—what—suffering Moses—you—were—where—saying—confound you, you lop-eared—my aunt! I can't stand this. I shall have to get off and walk."

**A HAPPY DAY.**

At the picnic, of which I partook standing up, they introduced me to a new kind of fruit—at least it was new to me. I forget what it was called, but the man who offers me it again will do quick.

I should say that the pains of Asiatic cholera were mild compared with the pangs it produced in me.

My "surefooted" mule did most of the return journey on his nose, when he wasn't up to his usual tricks of dancing on the edge, or trying to jam me against the rockside, and all the while there was the awfullest commotion raging in my interior.

It was a thoroughly happy day, and the Atlantic Ocean wouldn't contain the large brandies-and-sodas I swallowed when at last I reached the Mess.

The last time I went riding was when I took out a wealthy relative's favourite hack, and brought him back with two badly cut knees.

No, I am wrong. Absolutely the last time was when I was lured on to a merry-go-round, and I'm blowed if I didn't succeed in falling off that.

"CHINSTRAP."

# WHAT IS THE WORST OCCUPATION?

A COMPARISON OF SOME OF THE MOST TRYING TRADES.

What is the hardest and worst kind of manual toil? I confess that, after many visits paid to a great variety of work-places, the question is one which I should not care to answer definitely. But I am sure there are many misconceptions.

Most people will allow that the puddling of iron is strenuous labour under trying conditions. To stand on a hot summer's day before a furnace which will melt pig iron until it is as fluid as water, and to troll and stir about an iron bar, at the end of which there is a mass of iron weighing a hundredweight — these are physical trials which the strongest of men could hardly sustain without previous training.

To keep up the effort without a moment's cessation for fifteen or twenty minutes, with eyes fixed upon the glare of the gathering metal, and to repeat the effort again and again in a working day of perhaps ten hours—it is well-nigh incredible that human beings can do it.

As a matter of fact, although puddlers are strong men, they seldom live to be more than fifty years of age.

Contrasting the labour of glass-blowing with that of puddling, a casual observer might be inclined to remark that the blower hardly seems to be working at all. Standing in a bottle works, one is perhaps most impressed with the mechanical regularity of the movements of the gang through whose hands a single bottle passes.

**SIMPLE, DEADLY SIMFLE!**

You see a man take a pipe with a ball of glass on the end of it. He rolls the ball on a slab, blows gently down the pipe, and passes it on in a minute. How easy it all looks! But the man has to do just so much for about 1,400 bottles a day, exclusive of wasters. Day in, day out, year in and year out, he has been doing that, and has to go on doing it. Can you wonder that he looks a little wild and haggard and hopeless?

I have heard a locomotive fireman talk of the labour of throwing three or four tons of coal on to his furnace fire every day.

What would he have thought of the stokehold of a modern liner, consuming its hundreds of tons a day, and of the men who have to work almost literally between the fires, as they hurl on the coal?

**IN THE "HELL-HOLE BELOW THE WATER-LINE."**

How fearful this work must be in places like the Red Sea, where steamers have sometimes reversed their course in order to give the passengers a breath of breeze!

Or, again, think of stoking far down in the hull of a battleship under fighting conditions, with the chance of some steam-tight joint giving way when the exits are closed.

The collier's lot has deservedly aroused the sympathy of the public. Its dangers are numerous. But even apart from these, its toil and inconvenience are indescribable. To lie on one's side in a pool of mud and water, picking at a narrow seam of coal by the dim light of a lamp or candle, and gasping for breath in a warm, stove-like atmosphere—is it not the perfection of inconvenience and physical irritation?

None but men whose bodies and limbs have grown to the work, as it were, could endure it.

And yet most people would prefer this to the lot of the diver, which is universally regarded as one of exceptional danger. It is also one of much inconvenience and arduousness.

The conditions of work frequently produce singing sounds in the ears, a gripping sensation about the temples, and sometimes bleeding from the nose and ears. The cold of the water numbs the hands so much that they can hardly feel the blow of a hammer when they are accidentally struck. The general physical wear and tear are such that divers are rarely long-lived.

A somewhat similar occupation is that of the caisson-worker, who performs the work of a navvy in what one may conveniently describe as a submerged gasometer. This structure rests upon the bed of the sea or river, and in order to keep back the ooze from the open bottom the caisson is kept supplied with compressed air.

In this unnatural atmosphere the navvies work. The conditions produce sooner or later a more or less serious nervous breakdown, in addition to which there is some liability to peculiar accidents, and the means of escape are limited.

**AN ATMOSPHERE OF DUST.**

The cutting up of old bagging, previous to pulping it for press paper, is a disagreeable occupation, creating as it does clouds of fine woolly dust. The men engaged in this work envelop their faces, with the exception of the eyes, in large handkerchiefs.

But in respect to injurious dust, no worker has a sadder tale to tell than the grinder of cutlery. The sharp, gritty dust flying from the stone lodges in the workman's lungs, frequently producing pulmonary disease and shortening the worker's life.

Conditions are not now so bad as they were twenty or thirty years ago, when the mortality among grinders was phenomenally high. Moreover, the work itself is hard or tedious or both; and the grinder is liable to the most sudden and serious accident of the breaking, one might almost call it the bursting, so terrific is its force, of his stone.

**NONE OF THEM EASY LIVES.**

The hardware industries are full of hard and heavy toil, such as chain-making and nail-making, which can only be mentioned in passing. Lead-working, copper-smelting, match-making, are all more or less unhealthy occupations. Quite otherwise is it with the seafaring industries, especially the fisheries on our coasts; but what they gain in health they make up in labour, danger, and exposure.

A sea-captain of my acquaintance, who had visited the Arctic seas, was wont to say that the "greenhorn" on a whaler had the hardest and most disagreeable occupation on earth. It is all a matter of opinion, perhaps; and certainly there are many arduous, disagreeable, and dangerous occupations in addition to those which have been mentioned. But which is the worst?

W. A. ATKINSON.

## BAREFOOTED JOCKEYS.

In the West Indies many of the native jockeys ride barefoot, and usually do a lot better than the "superior" coloured jock who gets himself into regulation leathers, in which he is supremely uncomfortable.

The barefoot jockey puts his foot on the stirrup-plate in the ordinary way, save that the outer shank of the stirrup comes between the big and second toes.

Some of these native riders are quite good horsemen, but are inclined to lose their heads in a close finish, and thus also to lose by that "head" which makes all the difference between victory and defeat.

## THE RIGHT SORT.

A SKETCH.

When I say seaside town don't imagine I mean a blatant resort supporting advertised crack bands, cracked seaside minstrels, and wandering parsons who talk about the sands of Eternity every day until the tide moves them.

My seaside town hasn't got a band and wouldn't know a "confetti night." The only religion its ghostly comforter preaches is the religion of open air and life and health.

If you did see him down on the beach it wouldn't be a bright day with the rippling water lapping gently under the old piles.

It would be a grey, dirty morning, with a rising wind heaving in the great rollers.

From the long jetty many shawl-covered, huddled figures are gazing far out on the drifting, tossing wastes: women, watching, waiting.

The glass has dropped dangerously, the storm signal flutters ominously from a gaunt pole. It is morning, but the sky, a livid sky, does not lighten, it lowers.

Ah! And here is the Parson. Big and burly he presses on against the cutting wind. He hides under no sheltering greatcoat, but, man as he is, defies the elements.

Another man would have assumed the expression of a haunted undertaker, for the seas are fast rising, the wind seems to sing and thrill with virile devilment; the breakers outside are thundering out their grinding power, whilst overhead jagged clouds twist and writhe across the sky.

"Boats safe!" he roars in surprised tones in answer to one grizzled ancient. "Why, Bill, you ought to be ashamed, a man like you, to doubt it! Here I come down for my morning fish to find you talking about the boats being safe and frightening all the women into heart failure and hysterics. Why, one might think you were an old man to listen to you."

He turns to another group with a joke, and Bill, who, to tell the truth, is an old man and very old, puffs his shrunken chest out and reckons to half a dozen particular admirers, who hang on his every word, that things are surely taking up; he's noticed it.

And with the new spirit of life in them men are already busy with coils of rope and gear; and long before the sun shows palely, long before the bare poles of one gallant little bark, rising, falling, staggering, lurching, but always coming on and nearer, are seen, we knew the boats were safe, we knew they weathered the first sharp squall and were not caught unready and smothered in the depths under the weights of many seas.

Of course we knew. "Didn't old Bill say so!" as one admirer says, who is now pressing on Bill a chew of 'baccy, which Bill accepts with becoming dignity. No one asks who told Bill.

And now six boats are seen. There in the first boat a blue-jerseyed figure waves encouragingly ere he disappears in the next inky hollow. We cheer, but our tiny fleet is seven! A great wave of silence passes over us. Where is the seventh?

Even Parson now, wise man, is silent, as half a dozen small boats leap across the miniature storm of the little harbour—we shall soon know the worst.

"Jake? The Lily?" shouts a huge, square-shouldered skipper of three, as he dances down the creeping chills. "Is it thet es brings his missus out et six? Wy, he'd the luck. Got a catch—the right sort—afore the thick of it came, and laid for Grimsby. He's seventy pound richer ner we if I know owt of a good market day." And he clatters heavily on the wooden pavement.

P. HANSON.

# MAKING A FRESH START

## SOME WAYS TO SET ABOUT IT.

"Let the cobbler stick to his last" is a proverb that many of us are tired of hearing.

The trouble is that in these days, when apprenticeships are the exception rather than the rule, so many have not got a last and have little more skill in one business or trade than in another.

Such men are often tempted to cut loose altogether and start with a clean slate, and often there is no reason why they should not do so.

The danger lies in thinking that the world is waiting for the man who can "do anything." It is not. Such men can be found any day by holding up a finger. Hundreds of them apply for every advertisement requiring a "handy man" or a man for a "position of trust."

The man who is wanted nowadays is he who knows more than the average man about something. Knowledge and experience, in whatever line, can always be turned to account. Mere potentialities are only useful to the man who is making a start and is prepared to take a low wage.

The man who has these potentialities for "making good," as the Yankees call it, and finds that he has no opportunity for developing them where he is, may well find it advisable to make a fresh start.

It may mean a sacrifice of money at first, it may mean a sacrifice of comfort, but if it leads to better things it is worth doing.

### GOING TO SEA.

The man who is still young when he finds this out naturally has a larger field open to him than the man who is twenty-five or more.

There are many careers which must be embarked upon before one is eighteen, and there are few who are faced with the need of making a second start in life so young as that.

In the old days, the general idea of the man who was discontented was to go to sea. Nowadays the would-be sailor, whether in the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine, has to start young, yet there are a few openings in either service for older men, although a man can hardly hope to become an officer unless he has entered the service as a boy.

The vacant stewardships and similar posts are naturally very much sought after, and are difficult to obtain except by influence.

### WHERE TO APPLY.

The landsman, therefore, who has not been bred to the sea, must look to the land for his living if he decides to make a fresh start, unless he is a skilled electrician, telegraphist, engineer, carpenter, or something of the kind, or unless he is not yet twenty-three, when he can join that splendid corps of soldier-sailors, the Royal Marines.

Full particulars of openings in the Royal Navy can be obtained from the Admiralty, while for any that may be vacant in the Merchant Service, application must be made to the various steamship companies, whose advertisements are to be found in the railway stations and elsewhere.

The Army is in these days the last resort of the unskilled man who cannot find employment, and for this very reason attracts many undesirables, but it none the less offers a career to the ambitious man who is keen to get on and has a liking for military work. Full particulars can be obtained from any Post Office or from the Director of Recruiting, War Office, S.W.

The life of a veterinary surgeon has attractions for the lover of animals, but it is not a very lucrative profession in this country unless combined with some other business, such as farriery or a livery stables. There are good openings, however, in the Army and in the Colonies.

To become properly qualified it is necessary to pass the examinations of one of the recognised Veterinary Colleges, of which particulars can be obtained from the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Camden Town, London. The cost of the four years' course is eighty guineas, apart from the cost of living and any incidental expenses.

Many a clerk who would otherwise remain a clerk can greatly increase his worth to his present or a prospective employer by passing the examinations of the Institute of Actuaries, whose address is Staple Inn Hall, Holborn, London, E.C., or of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Place, E.C.

The necessary work is hard and at least in the latter case some capital is necessary, but many a young man has worked hard in his leisure hours for five years or so, while earning his living as a clerk, and has reaped a rich reward afterwards.

### FOR THE MAN WITHOUT CAPITAL.

Motor-driving, on the other hand, provides an occupation for which a smart man can qualify very quickly and at which he can earn a comfortable living in pleasant circumstances. Information on the subject can be obtained from the Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club. The cost of learning should not exceed five guineas or so.

The teaching of physical culture or the work of a sports professional will appeal to the athlete, though in the former case his physical prowess must be backed by brains and business ability.

A career in the police force, of which particulars can be obtained at a police station, is always open to the man with a good character and the requisite physique, while the man with the pioneer spirit in him will find countless openings over the seas.

But, before you make up your mind to make a fresh start, it is well also to decide what road you propose to take. To cut loose from the old work and then begin to look round is sheer folly.

The man of foresight will endeavour to acquire as much as possible of the preliminary knowledge necessary for his new career before he leaves the old one.

# OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

## AN APPOSITE QUESTION.

In the final round of the Open Golf Championship there sometimes comes a point where, the rest of the field having finished or being hopelessly "out of it," a player can win, provided he can do the round, or the remaining holes he has to play, in a certain number of strokes.

Should he be told of his chance or not? It is an interesting question. Knowledge that he has a chance of victory may easily upset a man's nerves and put him right off his game.

Other men, however, would be braced up by the thought of victory within their grasp, and would pull out their very best game. Moreover, left in ignorance of the real situation, a man may think he has no chance when he has and play slackly.

I have spoken to many professional golfers on this point, and most of them said they would prefer to know their exact chance of winning.

They all agreed, however, that no spectator should presume to tell a man how he stands unless asked for the information, for undoubtedly there are players who would much rather be left in ignorance of what they must do to win.

# UNINTERESTING SPORTS.

## WHY THEY FAIL TO ATTRACT.

The Briton, as even his worst enemy in any part of the world is bound to admit, loves sport more than any other nation. He loves it both as a participant and as a spectator. That is why he crowds in his hundreds to play, and in his thousands to watch, either cricket or football throughout the year. That is why a ready audience will always be found for almost any form of legitimate athletic contest.

I say "almost" advisedly, for there certainly are one or two branches of athletics that entirely fail to raise any public enthusiasm whatever.

Take, as an example, the "weight" at a sports meeting.

Nobody ever watches this item on the card, which is always contested during the temporary absence—at the refreshment bar—of half the spectators, and while the other half prowl about the ground gloomily, taking an interest in the preparations for the next event, the length of the strides in the last race as shown by the competitors' footmarks—anything, in short, except the palpitating contest in progress at the moment.

Why is this? It is not only that putting the weight is tedious to watch. The reason is that it lacks that vital element that makes for popularity, the directly competitive spirit—the thrills of excitement that are evoked by the sight of one man trying with all his might to do a thing, and of another struggling skilfully and cleanly to stop him from doing it.

The brawny athlete who is poising and hurling that heavy weight is a man, a good man, and a sportsman; and the reason why he commands no attention is that he is not directly pitting his own strength and skill against that of another man. He is simply comparing performances with him.

Great public interest was shown in the Barry-Albany sculling match for the championship of England; but if Barry sculled over the course by himself on one day, and Albany did it the next, and then both men compared "times"—even granting equal conditions—it is questionable whether a single man would turn out to watch on either occasion.

Strangely enough contests in which competitors compare their performances one with another have a certain amount of popularity abroad, but not in England.

As an instance, take the ball-punching competitions which an enterprising Yankee attempted to popularise in this country a few years ago. They were an utter frost; but the American took them to Paris, where they commanded a considerable amount of public interest, for a time at any rate.

Another very noticeable fact that bears out my contention is that at an athletic meeting, the most popular events are invariably the races. In these the competitive spirit is very strong, and the onlookers are proportionately appreciative. The jumps do not evoke much interest; and the "weight" and the "hammer" are almost a penance to watch. The tug-of-war is infinitely more welcome.

But, perhaps, one of the most freakish forms of sport—if, indeed, it may be called one—is pole-jumping.

As most of us know, the athlete heaves himself up by means of a long pole until he reaches the bar—generally at a very great height. At this point he throws his pole away and falls more or less gracefully, generally less, on to a mattress on the ground.

To sum the whole thing up in a nutshell, a sport, to be interesting to watch, should be really a sport, and not a form of freakish gymnastics.

E. H. JACKSON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

# A RIGHT OF WAY

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"Yes," said Miss Jenny Raven to her brother Jack, as he sat making a hearty lunch from a grilled steak, "it's all very well for you. You're away in the City all day, and you don't have all the worries that simply heap themselves on to me. Often it is, you know, Jack (Have some more potatoes, dear, won't you?) that I think I ought to have stopped at Captain Onslow's, although I wasn't getting any more than twenty-five pounds a year as governess. Still, I didn't have the trials that I do here. You were all right in your diggings in Upper Bedford Place, weren't you——?"

"But—I'm better here," said young Raven unctuously, taking up his big glass of Guinness and drinking.

"Ah, yes," said pretty Jenny Raven, putting a strand of hair back to the side of her head from which it had played truant, "of course you are. How well I can understand it. In the morning you come down at eight o'clock to find everything cooked and ready for you, you ride on your bicycle as happily as you please to the station. Then you catch the train to the City. What more of your house do you see from then till six o'clock in the evening—unless, like to-day, it's Saturday, and you come home at two o'clock?"

"Oh, nothing—worse luck—nothing. Yet, you know, Jenny, old girl, I've got it in my mind's eye all the time—this little shanty. I can see all the mater's china set out in the blue room. And I can see all the prints the old guv'nor was so fond of in the dining-room by the side of the big arm-chair. About that arm-chair, Jenny, I feel sure that I did right in buying things to last—something good, substantial. If it did cost eleven pounds, it's good mahogany and will last, especially under your careful treatment."

"My careful treatment." Miss Raven lifted an eyebrow. "Ah, with all your good intentions, Jack, I can't see myself sewing in that arm-chair when I'm sixty."

"But, my dear girl, for one thing I'm sure there isn't a girl passing along our little private road whom I'd trouble to get up to see——"

The mention of the word "girl" and "private road" brought a sudden flush up to the face of Jenny Raven.

"Oh, Jack," she burst out, "I know you'll say I'm a stupid and an old worry, and no end of things. But do you know I *do* think it's cheek of the people who use our private road as a thoroughfare. And on the gate it says 'Private road to Sunnyside. No thoroughfare,' distinctly. When we moved into this house a month ago, you'll remember how I blessed you for that private road. We seemed so remote, so splendidly isolated—yes, that's the word—splendidly isolated. But for this past week they've taken a positive delight——"

"Yes," said Jack Raven, "all we really want is to flood the road in the part where it dips a bit, and then have a small drawbridge. I daresay the Stores would quote us an estimate for that."

"I wish they would. Do you know, Jack, it isn't that I mind the people using this path when there's the public path to the Park only a couple of yards further on, but it's the cheek I think about—the awful effrontery."

"The brazen impertinence, the outrageous tearing down of the rights of Property," Jack Raven suggested, laughing.

"Ah, you're laughing again. You've made excuses for these people long enough. As we've got a double cross-light to this dining-room, they can see quite in. Of course, if the road were not private, the house would not have been built so close to it. Do you hear, Jack—they can see quite in."

"Then they'll notice what a pretty taste in setting out flowers my dear little sister has got," said Jack. "Now then, I'm ready for the sweets. I suppose you went shopping this morning. Who did you see?"

"I went shopping? What time could I go shopping, do you think? Why, it was eleven o'clock before I could snatch a moment when someone was not positively *gazing* in——"

"Really, I don't see——"

"I'm glad to say, Jack, that I am mindful of your position as a rising young architect. Do you think anyone about here, for instance, would give a commission to a man whose sister looked a dowdy fright when she went down town in the morning? You must remember I am in the place of a wife."

"Still I don't see——"

"Must I really yell it out for anyone who may be lurking in the private road to hear—that I put my hair in wavers this morning, that I had to go to the kitchen to put the heaters in the fire and that, of course, I had to come through this room—with a double light clean through too? And there were people positively in procession passing that window——"

"And stopping to hang over the palings and soliloquise on our silver?"

"Well, I think one man did that. And he looked a very horrid man with a beard. Very probably a burglar. Don't blame me, Jack, if one morning you wake up and find all the silver gone."

"Man with a beard, rather a greenish bowler hat, and a low collar?"

"Ah! the police have told you about him? Then I *was* right."

"No; the Vicar told me about him. I asked the man to look at our garden when he was passing—he's a gardener by trade, not a burglar—and see whether he thought anything could be done with it this year. Expect he'll be round to mow the lawn this afternoon."

"Oh, will he? Well, I should keep my eye on any tools you lend him, if I were you. He's got a look in his eye that I wouldn't trust not for ever so. Now, mark my words. A woman's instinct, Jack, is something you can trust, as you'll learn when you get older. . . . There's one minx with light hair and blue eyes who comes this way just about this time."

"Very smart?" asked her brother with some dallying interest.

"Well, if you can call the present extreme fashion even decent . . . but there, I expect you'd say she's smart. She looks the class of girl that you young men might throw your lives away on—a regular deceiver, dressed to look very simple indeed. But when she passes, you positively must go out and speak to her, Jack. I dare not, in case I'm tempted—and poor mother did leave me a temper, Jack. I'm sure if she said anything rude to me, I should positively slap her face.

"Well, she came up here yesterday afternoon, gazed about the place just as if it belonged to her—quite the my-lady, with all her airs and graces she is. And she did the same thing the afternoon before that. Very probably having learned from our servant (you wouldn't dream how these girls talk) how we object to people using this path, she has just walked up it, for sheer defiance—to show she *will!* I tell you, Jack, it's absurd of you to laugh. I can see it all in her eye. Like as not she thinks herself a cut above us and intends to do it. Really, Jack, it must be put a stop to. The very next time anyone comes up here, you must go out and say 'Excuse me, but ——'"

"Half a jiff," said Jack Raven, suddenly. "Who's the sportsman with the cricket bag and the awful blazer?"

A young man, plain through the casement window (sacred to the sloping-roofed, New Art style of house), sauntered by, cricket-bag in hand.

"Now, really Jenny," said Mr Raven, lighting up a cigarette, as being conducive to cynical remarks, "this is a nuisance, but if it disturbs your peace of mind, it must be done. . . . Hi you, sir!——"

His sister grasped his arm as he rose from the carving chair.

"No, don't," she said, tremblingly. "I think he's one of the visiting team. And ——"

The young man turned a far from unpleasing countenance in their direction.

"Really, he does not look one of the usual sort, Jack. He seems quite a decent man. I'm sure it's a mistake, and his blazer is not awful. It's his club colours—and a very pretty effect, too, I'm sure. And then, just look at the way he smokes that pipe. I'm certain he does not mean it for impertinence. In fact, very likely, the gate being wide open, he hasn't seen the 'No Thoroughfare' notice at all."

"Humph," said Mr. Raven, "you must be consistent about a thing like this. Serve 'em all alike, you know."

By this time the cricketer had struck into the public road that ran by the end of the private path to "Sunnyside."

Miss Raven from the hall window watched him over the drawn silk blind.

"You *couldn't* go out and speak to him *now*, Jack," she said. "He's not technically on our property. You have to be careful about things like that."

"Never mind, I may see him down at cricket. I'm playing for the locals to-day."

"Well, I shouldn't say anything about the private road. Talk to him certainly—bring him in to tea if you like, and then you can put it to him in a better way, and he can tell his friends—but I'm so sure he's quite nice.

"But it's a different case with that woman," she went on, as the maid removed the dinner things. "When she comes up the road, Jack, you're to go out immediately. (Pull your waistcoat down and brush the ashes off your coat-lapels first. It is necessary to look quite sort of clear cut, tidy, and with a touch of an upper-class householder's authority about you.)

"You'll go over to her, raise your hat—not too much, but just enough to show that you can be a gentleman even if she can't be a lady—and you'll say, 'Excuse me, madam, but may I speak to you for a few moments. Did you notice that the gate you just came through was marked "Private road to Sunnyside. No thoroughfare"? And have you observed that the gate you are now going through on to the public path (which you should have commenced taking at the other end) is also marked "Private" on the other side.' That is not painted on there for a joke. On the contrary, madam, it is meant to imply that it is only for the use of people coming to this house. As neither my sister nor I have the pleasure of your acquaintance, I don't quite see what you have come up this road for. Mind you, I don't know that you have actually seen the notice at the other end of this road.'—That'll disarm her from any remark about not seeing it.—'Possibly you are a little short-sighted, and as I shall have the pleasure within half-a-minute's time'—you'll look at your watch here, decisively, like they do in the plays—'of escorting you back along the way you should not have come, I shall be pleased to point it out to you.

"'It is not,' you will go on, 'that it is

to you personally we object'—put a touch of sarcasm or forced politeness into it here if you can—'but people are using this road quite as a public thoroughfare, and it is unlikely, however expensively they're dressed (and you can't always judge by that), that they'll send a contribution at the end of the year to assist us to keep up the private road which we have to pay the upkeep of out of our own pockets.'"

"Hold on a shake," said Jack Raven, "I haven't heard that we have to pay for the upkeep of the road."

"Have you heard that we have not?"

"No. But it's not in the lease."

"Well, what's the use of going by what is *not* written? .... Anyway, that rounds off the argument nicely, and——"

Miss Raven ran hastily to the glass in the overmantel and patted her hair and herself in various places.

"She's coming up the road now!" she hissed.

Mr. Jack Raven took some time in flicking from off the lapels of his coat a lot of cigarette ash that a powerful microscope might have found some difficulty in locating. Then with the air of a general who believes in thoroughly reconnoitring the position, he stole to the open casement window, knelt on the tastefully covered window seat, and looked out.

"The girl's very nice looking," he observed.

"There! I thought you'd say that. Marie Antoinette was pretty, but they cut off her head all the same."

Unconscious of the fate in store for her, the young woman was walking demurely along the sacred way.

"If you don't go out and speak to her, Jack—just as I told you—I shall do it myself!" said Miss Raven, her pretty eyes afire. "And I shall tell her what I think of her absurd hobble skirt. It's persons like that who make our sex the laughing-stock of England——"

"No, no. I'm sure the general effect is all very simple and charming and nice——"

"I ask you for the last time. Are you going, Jack?"

Young Raven turned and looked at the entrancing fury that was his sister.

"All right," he said.

He sauntered out as one thoroughly ashamed of himself, preparing the while a speech that would not have met with his sister's approval, commencing as it did with a special raise of his straw hat, and, "If I could direct you anywhere——?"

Inside the room, Miss Raven collapsed into the eleven pound chair and shook with passionate weeping.

Five minutes later her ever-tactful brother looked into the room through an open window.

"Miss Erricker," he said, "she's the Vicar's daughter, has been looking for this house for several days——"

"She could see the name——"

"It seems that she could not. The painters are at work down that end of the road. Our landlord has evidently ordered the gate to be painted afresh. They've got so far as burning out the old lettering. I know. I've just conducted the lady down there. She wanted to call on you. She's been wanting to for days."

Jack Raven had whimsical lines about his mouth.

"I said you were out, but would be only too delighted if she would come and take a cup of tea with us at five o'clock."

Jenny Raven looked up smiling through her tears.

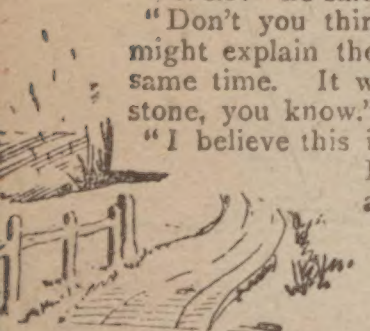
"I'm sure," she said "that both she and the cricketing young man must have judged us thorough bears by our looks at them through the window."

Jack Raven allowed the unfair inclusion of himself to pass.

"Well?" he said.

"Don't you think," said Jenny Raven, that we might explain the matter to them nicely—at the same time. It would kill two birds with one stone, you know."

"I believe this is the close season," said Jack Raven, "but I'll fetch him along about five."



# NIGHT SPORT

## A SUGGESTION FOR THE MAN WHOSE WORKING HOURS ARE LONG.

"We'd better stop now; it's too dark to see the balls." And the tennis players gather their paraphernalia together, and return to the house. Daylight is done, and to them sport also is finished.

To others, however, the hours of darkness bring the keenest enjoyment of outdoor life. You cannot play a game in the dark, but there are many sports which you can enjoy without seeing.

During the heat of summer, night is indeed the best time for recreation.

Then the air is cool and clean, the dust lies still, and your energy is at its height.

To cycle in the dark is a keen pleasure. The landscape, beautiful as it was in the daylight, seems more beautiful still because it is three parts hidden by darkness, and is, therefore, suggestive of greater beauty than it ever possessed.

The road, dusty and uneven, seems almost ideal, for the only light upon it is that coming from your lamp. The hill that usually takes your breath away in ascending, seems in the darkness to be almost level. You marvel at the ease with which you cover the ground, you draw into your lungs the fresh cool air of the night, and involuntarily you start whistling, or possibly singing.

It is the same with sculling in the darkness. You take your boat out, and guide it into mid-stream. You ply the oars lazily; for everything is still about you, and suggestive of idleness. You can see the banks of the river dimly, but it is hard to decide where the edge of the water comes, for the reflections of the bank seem almost as solid as the banks themselves.

Here and there is a light, but that is the only sign of life.

You wonder why other people have gone to bed so early, for surely they are missing the best part of the day.

Perhaps your form of amusement may be less innocent. Possibly you may have induced a notorious local poacher to permit you to accompany him on his depredations upon the squire's coverts.

You make your way through the spinney, moving each branch aside carefully, trying to prevent it from making a noise by scratching against your breeches.

You follow and imitate every movement of the poacher, as a pupil might do that of his teacher, and presently you reach a clearing and there is a halt, a gun upraised, a shot, a dash for something killed, and a retreat back into the spinney as silent as the advance.

You feel a strange pleasure in the wickedness of aiding and abetting the poacher, but the secret of your pleasure lies in the fact that the sport, or crime—call it which you will—has been committed in the night.

To do the same thing in the daylight would seem to you absolutely unsporting and merely theft.

For the true sportsman night has an infinite attraction, but not for the player of games.

G. A. WILLIAMS.

# STRICKEN.

## A RURAL SKETCH.

He came "down street," as the villagers call their little, unknown highway, with an air of intense importance.

Striding as fast as his long, thin legs would carry him, his flapping, green old trousers dangling a good four inches above the tops of odd boots that had long since qualified for the rubbish heap, he looked, from a little distance, a comical but not quite undesirable creature.

In his gait there was something of comicality, something almost of geniality, a readiness to be friendly, that was as much a part of him as this haste he was now showing.

What there was to cause such a hurried transit from one end of the village to the other it would be hard to say. The village was the last place in the world where haste of this excited and impatient sort was expected, or indeed needed.

Still, there he went, scurrying along as if the safety of the church tower depended on his losing no time. His eyes were fixed far ahead—so far, indeed, that they seemed to be fixed on something clean outside the boundaries, not only of the village but of the county. On closer inspection they seemed to be set but not fixed on anything at all—mere windows to which a living soul might at any moment come to watch the world with interest, but from which, at present, no sort of intelligence gleamed.

A few children left their games of marbles and their noisy disputes in the road to join the strange figure. They ran to him not as to one whom they loved and trusted, but to one from whom they half expected something amusing.

He took no notice of their importunities, but went on, now and again, when they got in his way, pointing in a vague way "down street," and muttering the one word "message."

What message it was none could draw from him. Probably it was some stupid joke played on him by a thoughtless villager. Anyway, he had a message to deliver, and on he went.

It seemed that nothing could turn him from his fixed purpose, and the children ran back to their noisy disputes and games of marbles, shouting out to him sundry crude and uncomplimentary epithets as he passed on, still fixed upon his "message."

A moment afterwards he stopped, sat at leisure on a low garden wall, dangling his lanky legs as contentedly as a baby. Some switch had been turned in his mind; the "message" had suddenly been forgotten. He jumped down again, and with a sort of chuckle or laugh to himself came back towards the children.

He stood silently looking down on their game, jumped and shook himself with delight when a marble was won or lost.

Clapping his hands together, then beating the air with his battered hat, he seemed to be in ecstasies of excitement and delight. More childish than the children, his antics began to be hideous, vaguely horrible, and almost devilish.

As suddenly as he had abandoned his errand with the "message," he left the children to their game.

With slow and slouching walk, hesitating and half musingly, he retraced his steps up the "street." Not far had he gone when he broke into a loud, harsh singing.

Some tuneless words he was shouting, and at times scraps of foulness, possibly dinned into him with loathsome industry by some blackguard, floated down the village street to where the children played.

Some vestiges of power to know right from wrong seemed still to dwell in his brain, for on the approach of a village woman he stopped abruptly and hung his strangely decorated head. A vacant, merely silly laugh escaped him at some casual greeting from the woman, to whom, as to all other people he met, he would gravely touch his hat.

Some returned the salute, some did not. But all knew the harmlessness of the man with the vacant eyes, the child's movements, and the bearded face. He was the village idiot.

W. G. BARTON.

# IGNORANT SPORTSMEN

## EVEN EXPERTS ARE NOT ALWAYS PERFECT IN THE RULES OF THEIR OWN GAME.

In the semi-finals of the recently decided ...eur Golf Championship we had the remark... spectacle of a player, presumably an experi... golfer, losing two holes, and practically all ... of victory, for breaches of the rules.

The first case, where the offender was guilty ...nding his club when playing out of rushes, ...able sympathy may be extended to him ... is pretty clear that in the earlier rounds ... competitors playing out of the same rushes ... grounded their clubs without penalty, and ...re seems to have been general doubt as to ...ther the rushes constituted a hazard or not.

**THE RULES SAY.**

...l, there was no real excuse for this astonish... ...ance of the rules of the game.

... Rules of Golf define a "hazard" as "any ... water (except casual water), sand, path, ... bush, or rushes."

...clares that a player shall not ground ... a hazard under penalty of losing the ...

...e, it is open to a club to make local ... ...ing roads, rushes, &c., from the ...ation, but in the absence of such local ...es are always a hazard, and it is an ...g thing that so many of these champion... ...ayers did not know this.

...player mentioned made a second and even ...inexcusable mistake.

...ing over the top of a hill, he asked his ... to give him the "line" to the hole, which ... been from where the player stood. ... only entitled to do this; but the ... indicated the "line" remained ... the crest of the hill as a sort of human ...

**...R BOWLER.**

...a clear and flagrant breach of para... ...Rule 4, which reads as follows:

...en playing through the green, or from a ... a player may have the line to the hole ... to him, but no mark shall be placed, nor ...e stand on the proposed line in order ... it while the stroke is being made."

...player was properly penalised by the loss of ... and in the end he lost a match which ...ably he would have won, as he had a useful ... the time of these mistakes.

... the player's opponent who called ... these errors, there is a disposition in ...sters to criticise him for having done so, ...estion that he was guilty of sharp practice. ...critics merely show their own ignorance of ...Rules of Golf.

...le 2 of the Special Rules for Match-Play ... provides that a competitor "shall not ... penalty incurred by his opponent, under ...qualification."

**...T, BUT A DUTY.**

...nterests not only of himself, but of other ...ed the game in general, it is a golfer's ...appeal when he perceives any breach of ... by his opponent.

...s is that there are many golfers who ... the trouble to learn the rules, and we ...e thing in other sports.

... many amateur and professional footballers ...stand the off-side rule?

...en in good-class cricket you will often see ...eak the rules, and the umpires fail ...ignorance to call them to account.

... riding, driving, and walking often ...ally infringe the rule of the road.

... the main body of illegalities. These in ...ate, but are frequently due ...

... any reference to the golfer ... no doubt erred through excite-

ment, it is bad form to engage in a sport or game without having thoroughly learned the rules. Your ignorance spoils the pleasure of others, and you put your opponent under the disagreeable necessity of penalising you, which does not make for enjoyment and good-fellowship.

Many a first-class rifle-shot has been disqualified when victory was within his grasp for having committed some technical breach of the regulations. The fact that he did so in ignorance and not from any unsportsman-like intentions only makes his lot more bitter.

Such a case occurred in the last stage of the competition for the King's Prize only a few years ago, when the great prize itself went to the man who had made only the second best score.

J. G HAYWARD.

# PREYING ON THE PUBLICAN.

## DIFFERENT WAYS IN WHICH IT IS DONE.

"To avoid misunderstanding, I beg respectfully to inform my customers that I am a licensed victualler by profession, and *not* a money-lender." This is the quaint sign suspended in the bar of a North London hotel by its proprietor, who, wise man, has long ago realised the necessity felt by the publican for such a reminder to a very large percentage of his patrons.

It is a very strange fact that the "misunderstanding" alluded to above is a very general one among a certain very extensive type of man who frequents public-houses. A publican, the licensee of a well-known inn in a western suburb of London, recently remarked to the writer that most men seemed to think that lending money was a recognised part of a publican's business.

"If a man is short of five shillings or so till the next day," said he, "whom does he think of? His grocer? No. His baker, his butcher, or his candlestick-maker? No. His thoughts instantly fly to the man who occasionally serves him with a glass of bitter.

At first glance it is not easy to see why this should be—but after a little thought a reason will become apparent.

The success of a licensed victualler, in these days of heavy taxation and strenuous competition, depends, more than ever, upon personality. He must be popular with his customers. He must be genial, and talk even to total strangers as though he had a genuine liking for them.

Consequently, when a man is short of a few shillings which he knows he can pay back, it is more or less natural that he should think of asking a temporary favour of a man who seems so jovial and open-handed.

But there is a particular and objectionable type of public-house parasite—the man who frequents a house for some time, succeeds in gaining the proprietor's confidence, and then begins by obtaining goods—such as bottles of whisky—on credit. From this it is an easy step to requests for monetary loans, which a publican will often give, for fear that otherwise his bill might not be paid. In almost every case, however, it happens that when the source of supply is exhausted the parasite disappears in search of other prey.

G. MYERS.

# STYLE IN BATTING.

## HOW IT DIFFERS, AND SOME FAMOUS EXPONENTS.

Apart from the interest of the actual game, there is always an additional charm to the enthusiastic student in the watching of a first-class cricket match. This is to be derived from a study of the distinctive style of each batsman who goes in.

Cricket is, perhaps, a sport which admits of more divergent styles than any other, and it is in the batting department chiefly that we notice this.

Take, just as an example, a Test Match in which Mr. C. B. Fry and Tom Hayward are at the wickets together. Here are two batsmen of the first rank, but of very different styles. Hayward is essentially a defensive player—not a stone-waller, but inclined to caution—but when he does hit, he hits freely, and in all his strokes he is the acme of grace.

Fry is not so careful of his defence. You will not see him "play himself in" as Hayward will. He is not a slogger like G. L. Jessop or C. I. Thornton, but he hits freely, and his best friends could hardly call him a graceful batsman. He generally plays a dead straight bat, but the manœuvres by which he does so are apt occasionally to savour distinctly of the gymnasium.

"Not a batsman, but a slogger with a good eye" is the patronising phrase with which a well-known critic of the old school described Mr. Gilbert Jessop at the outset of the latter's first-class career.

And possibly, although "G. L." is one of the most popular figures in county cricket and has deservedly been included in more than one All England Eleven, the description is in a measure justified. The great Gloucestershire hitter has not an ounce of "style" about him. On his day—that is to say, when his eye is in—he will punish the very best bowling in a manner that is delightful to watch.

But, alas! there are all too many days when a ball which Tom Hayward would pat back contemptuously to the bowler will send Jessop trudging philosophically back to the pavilion. Look for "style" in Jessop and all you will find is a "crouching" attitude at the wicket like a tiger about to spring, a whirl of the bat like the swinging of an Indian club, only much faster, and the next moment the ball will either have "gone for six" or be reclining in the wicket-keeper's hand after taking the middle stump.

A batsman who as far as "style" is concerned is at the opposite pole to the "Croucher" is Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, the famous Somersetshire cricketer. He has been described as "the embodiment of grace" and one of the best caricatures of him is by "Rip," who depicts him inclined over the wicket with a dead-straight bat, the outline of his body making a sort of glorified "curve of beauty." He always plays, as W. G. Grace says, "with stylish finish." He perhaps initiated the modern series of big stands for the first wicket some years ago, when he and Mr. H. T. Hewett scored the fine total of 346 for the first wicket, Hewett's contribution being 132 and Palairet's 201.

"Unorthodox" is the expression with which "W. G." describes Ranjitsinhji's batting. And "Ranji," at his best, certainly is unorthodox; but while contravening a good many of the rules which are supposed to make the "stylist," "Ranji" has made a style of his own. He is half-way between L. C. H. Palairet and G. L. Jessop.

He is a graceful player and a free hitter, and he has invented a stroke of his own, the "leg glance," which, it is believed, no other cricketer has ever attempted to imitate.

He will—or, rather, *would*, for the cricket-field will probably never see him actively engaged again—play a straight ball by meeting it with the face of his bat held and inclined at an angle against his left leg. So keen was his eye that he would play the fastest ball in this way, making it streak past short-leg to the boundary like greased lightning. In the case of the average man, such a stroke would either mean injury or a dismissal for "l.b.w."

L. D. TALBOT.

# In The Vegetable Garden

## JUNE WORK FOR THE AMATEUR WHO SUPPLIES HIS OWN KITCHEN.

It is useless to pretend that one really saves very much by growing one's own vegetables. In most households the amount consumed weekly is not large, and even a small vegetable garden demands a good deal of attention.

But somehow vegetables that you have grown "on the estate" seem to taste much nicer, and are certainly fresher than those you get from the greengrocer.

Some vegetables, such as scarlet-runner beans, peas, asparagus, and even potatoes, are by no means unsightly, even if you have not a walled-in and hidden kitchen garden.

At this time of year, however, every owner of a garden will be wise if he devotes a small bed to the production of salads. Lettuces should be sown in small quantities at regular intervals of a week or so, and kept well apart so that they have room to develop.

### HOME-GROWN SALADS.

Mustard and cress is also sown at intervals in patches, the important thing to remember being to sow the cress two or three days before the mustard. The soil must be finely prepared and will be the better for having been put through a riddle.

Radishes must be thinned out as soon as the plants are big enough, for otherwise they will run to leaf and the roots will have no chance to develop.

Beet which has been sown in April or early May will now need transplanting in showery weather. This must be done most carefully, for the slightest wound to the root will spoil it.

Parsley and other herbs require thinning out until the plants are about twelve inches apart. Parsley may still be sown this month.

The last sowing of peas should also be made now, and carrots sown for use when young, the main crop having been put in in March.

Any seeds that are sown now should be set rather deeper than those sown in early spring.

They should not, if it can be avoided, be sown in freshly dug soil. If the soil has lain for four or five days after being dug over, the moisture will have risen, even in dry weather.

### ROTATION OF CROPS.

The hoe will have to be used very regularly in the vegetable garden at this time of year, especially in soils which consist largely of clay. This implement will be particularly necessary in suburban gardens round London.

The man who is lucky enough to be able to devote a bit of garden about thirty yards by forty to the cultivation of vegetables, can grow all the vegetables that will be needed by a family of four, but to do so he will have to make the most of his ground and learn something about the rotation of crops.

When once the ground has been trenched, it should be divided into four or more sections. The same section should not be used for the same crop for two successive years, and if possible not more than once in three or four years.

For the first year, perhaps, one section will be used for a row of celery and leeks, and a few rows of beans and peas.

These are all surface-rooting crops, and require a good deal of manuring.

In the following year the ground can be devoted to root crops, which require little or no manure. Early potatoes, parsnips, carrots, and beet will do well.

In the third year cabbages, broccoli, onions, and turnips will thrive in the same ground with a moderate supply of manure.

It must not be forgotten that watering is as necessary in the vegetable garden as in the flower garden. In hot and dry weather growing crops may need watering daily.

One good soaking is worth more than many sprinklings. The ground must be well loosened so that the water can sink in, and rain water should be used if available.

C. B. STAINER.

## HOT WEATHER DRINKS.

The man who will invent a really pala... temperance drink will make a fortune, b... has not yet come upon the scene.

The best temperance drink at presen... existence is ordinary water, preferably bro... down by means of ice to somewhere ... freezing point.

Cold tea is another capital drink, but ... must be taken to see that it is poured ou... the teapot before it is over infused. Tea ... has been allowed to cool in the tea-p... very unpalatable, and is by no means ... for you.

One cannot, however, go into an hotel ... ask for a drink of cold water or cold tea ... the drinks that one can purchase during ... hot weather, milk and soda is as good ... any.

Soda with the faintest dash of gin is ... bad drink, while, for those who like ... ginger beer with a dash of gin may be rec... mended, although there are many who ... sider that this concoction tastes of paint.

Another drink that is very refreshing ... lemonade with the faintest dash of bitter ...

# WHEN—AND WHEN NOT.

We have all been told that circumstances alter cases, and there are situations in which ... might act in some particular way, and others in which it would be advisable for him not to ... instance, if a man said to you "I'm very partial to Blank's Smoking Mixture" you might easily ... am I"; but if the other man's remark was "I am passionately devoted to my wife" you ... wouldn't return the same answer. At any rate, you would be several varieties of fool if you ... this connection I have thought out and set down here some instances of "When—and When ... Do It."

| WHEN. | WHEN NOT. |
|---|---|
| **TO TAKE YOUR HAT OFF TO A LADY.** | |
| When you are conscious that your hair is neatly parted. | When you are carrying several parcels ... wife, and have got a dozen eggs in your hat. |
| * * * | |
| **TO GO TO SLEEP.** | |
| While the ballad singer is squalling "Sing Me to Sleep." | When you have just climbed on to your ... stool in the morning. |
| * * * | |
| **TO GET UP AT FIVE IN THE MORNING.** | |
| When you are going fishing with a friend. | When your wife wants you to do some ... ing before going to business. |
| * * * | |
| **TO SMOKE A CIGAR.** | |
| When the cigar is one of your own. | When it is one from a box given to ... your birthday by a girl. |
| * * * | |
| **TO KISS BABY.** | |
| When "Baby" is a pretty little thing about seventeen-years old. | When it is a sticky little thing about ... months. |
| * * * | |
| **TO INVITE A BORE TO DINNER.** | |
| When you know he has a previous engagement. | When you think he might possibly accept. |
| * * * | |
| **TO KNOCK A MAN DOWN.** | |
| When he is a creditor who wants his money, on a dark night, when nobody is about. | When he is a burly person, attired in ... costume with a helmet to match. |
| * * * | |
| **TO PLAY A GAME OF SCRATCH CRICKET.** | |
| When you know that the promoter is a wealthy person, who will give you a good lunch and a jolly time generally. | When you will have to travel twenty mi... train at your own expense—and take your ... sandwiches with you. |
| * * * | |
| **TO EAT STANDARD BREAD.** | |
| When you want to commit suicide. | When you are supporting a family and ... insured. |

T. ROBERTS

# The Critic

A RAILWAY-CARRIAGE CONVERSATION.

By A. G. STORM.

They had been talking about the influence of religion on the workaday world. The Priest ...maintained that indifference to religion ... probably the most flagrant evil.

"...t believe it," asserted the Critic, who ...to in the railway carriage. "I believe ...d world is intensely inquisitive about ... though its fault is that it wants to ...ot reverently, but simply for intellectual ...on. Its attitude is passionless. It ...es for truth ...ically. And what the ... is Enthusiasm. A glowing of the ... An uplifting by Faith.

...ere I think you Church-people" (he was a ... and could therefore speak frankly) "often ... a mistake is in attempting to meet ...ism on its own ground. Scepticism is the ...ult of an application of logic; religion is ...rt of the Desire for Immortality. You can ... make the Desire for Immortality appear ... but illogical. The most sublime things, ... are intrinsically foolish. Take the case of ... who 'lays down his life for a friend.' What ...olish? And what more sublime?"

"...don't catch many doing it," commented ...

..., said the Critic. "It's a reasonable age, ...ion has become tainted with reasonable- ... which is mainly the cause of its losing its ... on the people. I speak of orthodox religion, ...urse. Every man prides himself on posses- ...g a religion of some sort—if it's only the worship ... his own Reason. Prides himself, mark you. A ... fact that."

..."est let him talk on. He believed in ... all points of view.

"...there is a pretty general opinion that Chris- ...tianity has failed. I don't entirely agree with it, ...but the opinion undoubtedly exists. And the real ... the matter is that Christianity has not ...ailed, but that Christians have. They are not ...one whit better in living than the so-called ...irreligious men, and indeed hypocrisy is so rife ... them that the very name of Christian has ...suffered.

... and terrible pity, for no purer ... heard in this world than fell ...us Christ. . . .

..."...e that you who expound the ... very many cases to blame. You ... trusting your Reason instead of ...r God. You make intellect your ...and into the unseeable instead of flying ...rd on the wings of faith. You forget that ... is the common attribute of all, whereas ...nct is the gift only of the few. Was it not ...Voltaire who said that faith transcends reason as ...son transcends instinct?"

"Admitted," said the Priest, "although when ... guidance we don't go to Voltaire to get it. ... it is perfectly true that faith is the bed-rock ...religion. You surely do not suggest we are ...unaware of the fact?"

"...I suggest you need reminding. What is it ...your leaders have been saying of late? 'No ...limit to Biblical criticism.' Why, man, you never ...ought to criticise. It isn't your place. Your ...ce is to deal with life, not with theories about ...gins. You can't encompass faith within the bounds of reason, or support a religion on provable facts. Whatever is taken on trust must be something that surpasses understanding."

"'Prove all things; hold fast that which is true!'" quoted the Priest.

"Yes, but to yourself—not to another man. It's a matter of feelings, not of reason. No man can be a Christian against his will——"

"I disagree," interrupted the Priest. "Acceptance of Christianity—what is it but the surrender of one's will to the Will of God?"

"Doesn't God's Will always work?" inquired the Critic, keenly. "Unanswerable, isn't it? You're asserting now what Nietzsche asserts: that Christianity is a denial of the Will to Live in the form of a religion."

"Not at all," protested the Priest. "A denial of the will to sin."

"Well, . . . a point to you. . . . Now, what is the Will to Live but Reason predominating, attempting progress instead of performing duty? And progress to what end? To a perfection of character and living. The same as religion, you see. But mark the anomaly. They expect a character perfection in an imperfect body—a body subject to humours and pains and decay. At the very mildest illogical. And Reasonists simply *love* logic. . . . No; if the human soul is ever to attain perfection it cannot take place in any other way than spiritually."

"You have succeeded in making out an excellent case for Christianity," smiled the Priest.

"I desired to," said the Critic.

"You countenance 'idealism.'"

"I'm an idealist to my finger-tips. And if I could choose, I'd have every cleric a raging, unreasonable nuisance of an idealist. Why is it that parsons are either intellectually cocky or effete? So many of them surrender manliness when they take Orders. And I don't ascribe it to their mode of life, as many do, but to their deficiency of pride.

"Why, I think the life and opportunities of a preacher grand! Fancy having the right to grip a man by the shoulder and pound his trouble out of him; to have the chance—and pluck—to tell the woman with the drunken brutal husband that it's fine to have to suffer; tell everybody that ease is deadly, and hardship the enviable thing. It's powerful, because it's true.

"And when you come across poor wretches tired, played-out with grief, hunger, lack of employment—all the thousand ills that flesh is heir to—recall the one Example of perfect undeserved suffering, and inquire if they aren't glad to be in such company."

The Priest politely smothered a yawn.

"Yes," he said. "What a pity there is no such post as Inspector of Parsons! You would occupy the position admirably. . . . Ah, here we are! I look forward to resuming the discussion at some other time. Good-bye."

"Good-bye — you sleek, far-too-comfortable beggar," said his critical friend.

## THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE THEM SWEAR.

Mr. JOHN BURNS: If blue lounge suits and bowler hats were barred in Parliament.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR: If an Anti-Golf Bill were promoted and became law.

Mr. BART KENNEDY: If writers were compelled to make each of their sentences contain a verb and number at least as many as five words.

MOST OF OUR ACTOR-MANAGERS: If, like doctors, the theatrical profession were debarred from advertising.

POLICE COURT MAGISTRATES: If there were no "drunks and disorderlies" to crack feeble jokes at.

MUSICAL COMEDY STARS: If the Peerage were abolished.

ETON BOYS: If their headmaster were Hall Caine.

# PECULIAR PRESCRIPTIONS.

## BY AN UNQUALIFIED DOCTOR OF MIRTH.

### AVIATITIS.

A peculiarly insidious malady due to and widely fostered by the "Daily Snail" microbe. It makes men go up in the air and more often up the pole. Its cure should be homœopathic in character. Read all the aviation articles in the "Daily Snail" one after the other, and in a short time you will be so sick that "aviatitis" will no longer have any hold on you.

Similar treatment will be found efficacious in cases of sweet-pea fever and standard panic, but great care should be taken in the latter case not to overdo it.

* * *

### POLITICAL FEVER.

A trying complaint which makes everybody boring to his friends. Sufferers are affected by either one of two microbes, the Balfour Bacillus or the Lloyd George Germ. If held in the clutches of the former his complaint is known as Toryitis; if the latter possesses him, he is said to suffer from Liberalgia. Two ingredients are necessary to prescribe a cure—a daily dose of "Daily Telegraph" and "Daily News." The "facts" told in each will soon drive political fever out of the system.

* * *

### RACECOURSOMANIA.

This disease has often been associated by scientists with the bookworm—*i.e.*, the worm that thrives on books—for one of its earliest effects is to send the sufferer to a bookmaker. Unless taken in time the disease is apt to bring on a calculous condition, known as being "stoney," and in extreme cases the patient will explode or "go bust." The following is a good prescription:

One loser, tailed off.

One second by a nose (backed to win).

One 20 to 1 winner (in conjunction with the welsher).

Bad language and vows of reformation *quantum suff.*

* * *

### ANSERITIS.

A strange mental disorder. *Anser* is the Latin for ;"goose," and anseritis is an ailment known as "going goosey," as a result of over-application to a certain weekly paper. The prescription is: One part of common-sense, one part of contempt, and one part of pity.

* * *

### LOVE.

There are two varieties of this ailment. Love *per se*, is a harmless ailment, which is incurable and generally results in marriage, a form of lunacy which makes the patient imagine that he is happy. As this is the case there is no necessity to try to cure love. But calf-love is a different and far more malignant complication. Imagination in strong doses is the only cure. Imagine your divinity in the throes of toothache, involving a swollen face, and a bad head-cold with its usual concomitants, a red nose and watery eye. If this doesn't cure you, you can be sure that you are not suffering from calf-love at all, but from the genuine variety.

* * *

### SNOBITIS.

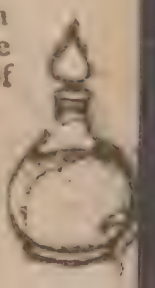
An unpleasant mental disorder which is often due to the sudden acquisition of wealth. If the sufferer is young it is possible that he may grow out of it. Later in years the disease is practically incurable, when complete isolation is the only thing to be resorted to. In the first case, kicks *ad lib.* in a tender spot will often have a salutary effect.

* * *

### SUFFRAGITIS.

An ailment common to old women (of both sexes). Beef in large quantities, preferably in the form of burly policemen, is the best form of treatment.

S. SMITH.



## NEAR AND FAR.

### EFFECTS OF DISTANCE ON LANDSCAPE AND THE RAMBLER.

I am not sure that much of the pleasure of a long walk, or a long ride, is not very largely an effect of anticipation. From a certain distance almost every land is a land of promise—a Canaan of delight to the rambler.

I am quite sure that a walk during which the horizon is for ever bounded by the nearest hedge or wood—boundaries which one can reach with the end of a walking-stick—is not nearly so attractive in some ways as the other kind of walk.

It is delightful to wander down a lane that winds, and along which one can seldom see more than a hundred yards before or behind. The ever-present certainty of the next bend bringing some new prospect is always attractive. It is, however, rather like the attraction of a music-hall programme—nothing for long, and everything by turns and turnings.

There is, however, a far deeper enjoyment in the tramp over land of varying levels from any point of which one can catch glimpses of the farthest distance.

To take the road that runs along the foot of the hills, just a little raised above the lowest valleys, is to enjoy prospects and sensations never known to the wanderer through closely wooded or enclosed country.

Even from a great distance one falls a victim to the charms of the hills.

Out of the trees at their foundations there rise clustered villages; a church tower, half hidden by elms; farms whose great barns are broad masses of dull brown amidst the green of the trees; little ponds, and patches of glass in the gardens, that throw out bright reflections of the scorching sun; glimpses of white roads that show for a few yards, and then bury themselves again in the general blur of vaguely-outlined woodland. All these attract from a distance.

The hills themselves are a never-failing source of interest.

One becomes familiar with them and learns to appreciate them from different points of view.

From four or five miles away they look like a clear cut, compact, well-defined ridge, on the top of which one could walk as on a plank, balancing with difficulty.

All the alternation of valley and mount, steepness and level, cliff and smooth rise are merged in one even mound.

Two miles nearer they have lost their clearness of outline.

Alternative ways of ascent begin to call to your footsteps. A little chalk path here strikes up directly from the top of a hazel spinney at the foot, and takes no heed of the steepness of the hillside. Near it are other tracks, some worn into chalky steps, some wide, and still rutted by carts that once climbed that way when the chalkpit was worked.

The distant outline is now broken. Peaks and inequalities that were invisible from afar have risen or arranged themselves since you approached. The hills are not the same in any detail.

Which is the more attractive you do not trouble to decide. In imagination you recall the range as you saw it from afar. The church is there, truly, but nothing like the church you expected to find. And the trees that seemed to you to cluster round it, when you looked at it from five miles away, have vanished in the general disarrangement of the landscape.

Turning to look at the place you have come from, it, too, has changed and is quite unrecognisable.

But near or far, the land is beautiful. The change, of course, is in your own point of view, and every step you take sets every leaf and every house and hedge and field, in a different perspective and relationship, which is a very delightful fact, giving to any walk an infinite variety of interest.

M. BRUCE.

# MY NOTEBOOK.

**THE CORONATION.** On another page I print, on behalf of all my readers, a little tribute to His Majesty King George V. It is, of course, very clumsily worded, but it may, to some extent, voice the feelings of all of us.

**TERRITORIAL OPPOSITION.** To talk of loyalty and patriotism is one thing, but to do your own share by making yourself a useful defender of the country in case of need is ten times better.

Very many of our readers are members of the Territorial Force in one capacity or another, and I am glad to say that that Force receives not only the direct support of the best of the manhood of our country, but also the indirect support of many who are too old to serve in it themselves.

I refer to certain employers who not only give their employees every facility for attending drills and the annual period of training, but who, besides paying their men full wages during that period, give them an additional holiday on full pay afterwards. Such a plan is, of course, only possible to the employer who is well-to-do. The man in a small way of business cannot be expected to be so generous, but he can at least permit his employees to attend camp at their own expense.

I have received from a reader in Forres a strong letter of protest in regard to the action of certain farmers in his locality in this respect. He also encloses me a cutting from the "Forres Gazette." That paper says:

"We learn on good authority that on Saturday last, the feeing market-day in Forres, three sturdy lads, farm servants by vocation, who are members of the Territorials, applied for their discharge from the Force because they are unable to secure engagements in consequence of their connection with it. One of them stated that he had lost five offers by farmers when it was known that he was a Territorial."

Many of us give valuable time to the Territorial Force, and many others, whose personal service is impossible, still support the Force by giving every facility to those in their employment who are members of it. Even small employers, such as farmers, ought to understand their obligation to their country. They ought to know that the man who is a Territorial is a man possessed of what may be described as spare energy. He is a man who likes to have his time fully occupied, and who is not exhausted after his day's work.

He is a much more valuable employee than the man who cares nothing for these things.

The farmers in the vicinity of Forres, and other employers similarly minded, should recollect that fact. They should also remember that the need for having an efficient force to defend the country is not merely a dream, but may at any moment become an actual and vital necessity.

If the country were invaded they would be the first to seek the protection of the Territorial soldiers whose task they have made so difficult.

**SHARES.** For the convenience of those of my readers who desire to purchase shares in this paper, I print an application form on the second page of the cover.

In accordance with our prospectus, duly filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Somerset House, I am presenting, free of charge, one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred shares with every poundsworth of 7 per cent. cumulative ordinary shares that you may purchase.

**A MAN'S BUILD.** There are very few men who are really satisfied with their natural build; and this is a good thing, for it tends towards a desire for self-improvement and superior development.

But it is a fact that practically every man is especially suited—unless he be organically unsound—for some particular form of sport or athletics. He who bewails his lack of weight and his general "skinniness" may very likely possess an unsuspected fund of talent for riding. He might, with early training, have made a really good jockey.

A bulky, ponderous man will very often complain about his size, but it is undoubtedly to this type of man that the white world look for a challenger to Jack Johnson. If you are one of this variety, consider whether you aren't some good at boxing. You never know what you might do.

**ERIN.** A reader in Cork sends me a letter which is pleasing in many ways. He says several kind things about this paper, and ends up with the following remark:

"You have never said what part of the country you belong to, but from your style and the sporting tone of the paper I feel sure that you belong to dear old Ireland."

I appreciate the compliment very much, but I am not to be drawn. If I named my native county my readers would suppose that I thought more of that particular district than I do of any other. It would not be business. A man in a public position may have the keenest pride for his own county, but it is a pride that he must keep privately, for it has nothing to do with anyone else.

I am not Irish, but I appreciate very highly the compliment that this reader pays me in supposing that I am, because I know Irishmen to be among the finest sportsmen in existence.

Some time ago I paid a brief visit to Ireland. At that time I knew very little about Irish [illegible] but I was at once struck by the hearty welcome that they extended to me. It seems that the only credential or introduction that you need in Ireland is the fact of your being a stranger, for the people vie with one another to make you welcome and happy.

I know that there are some who suppose that I belong to Norfolk because I happened to be at one time a trooper in the Norfolk Yeomanry, otherwise known as the "King's Own," before I got a commission in a London unit.

I do not belong to Norfolk. Neither do I belong to London, and I am not going to say where I was born, for it is sufficient that I am British.

**AN EARLY RECOLLECTION.** I remember, as a youngster, the view from my nursery window. Far away to the west I could see a mountain. It appeared infinitely far off, and it used to seem to me to be at the end of the earth, and the distance between it and my window unlimited.

At the other side of the house my father had what he called his sanctum. It was a kind of study, and from the window of it, when on occasions I was allowed into that room, I could see the sea, not very far away and very blue.

That seemed to be the other side of the world, and my little world of childish days was bounded by the sea and the mountain.

I can still remember how I used to look at the mountain and long to reach it. We had a beautiful garden, which ought to have been satisfying for a little boy, but I felt that I wanted to get away and to reach out towards the beckoning hill.

It is amusing to think of these things now. I suppose we all have youthful ambitions and ideas. As a matter of fact, I never did visit the mountain, for with growing years all curiosity regarding it ceased, but the longing for expansion remained with me, and, as a matter of course, I gravitated to London, which is the capital of these islands. It is a matter of no importance whatever which part of them I regard as my particular spot.

YOUR EDITOR.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# ROMANCES OF RACING.

## ORIES TOLD BY A FOLLOWER OF THE SPORT OF KINGS.

he man who reads his sporting paper every rning or every week, as the case may be, and eriences a sort of thrill at second hand when lets his mind run on how "Flyaway was seen e coming along the rails, setting the pace a cker," does not always realise how much den romance is to be found behind the scenes he sport of kings.

Racing has its tragedies, too, and has been ponsible for the ruin of many a man and many oman, but it is with the brighter side of it that are concerned.

When last year a big Society wedding took place London, and when a large number of well- wn owners, male and female, were present, y few people knew that the happy pair had to nk a horse for their wedded bliss.

s a matter of fact, the bridegroom's different king accounts had so dwindled as to be on the ge of extinction, and if the horse in question, of his own, had not gamely won by a neck in ar—I must, for obvious reasons, withhold the mes of man, horse, and event—the wedding ld never have taken place.

The bridegroom's town house, large racing g at "headquarters," all his property, in rt, would have had to be sold; but as it was, amount of the race—several thousands—and immensely greater sums he won in bets, were ficient to put him, financially, on his legs again d to enable him to take a wife.

But it is not always in high life that romance is covered in racing. Here is a pretty—and true story of how a struggling clerk in a North untry town made a fortune.

The man in question, who had a wife and two ldren, was one day seized with an impulse to the St. Leger run at Doncaster, for he had ver been on a racecourse before.

e went, and in the same dare-devil spirit d a horse for the—to him—immense sum of It came off, too, at twenty to one; and a y man left the course immediately after his e had put out, happily clutching a crisp for £100, and with his five pound stake away in his pocket.

is was his first and only bet or visit to a recourse; for on his arrival home he decided, ulting his wife, to invest his small savings e £100 note, as a little nest egg, sewn up in the ing of his wife's bodice, a step to which he was rsuaded by the simple soul in question.

His grocer's business prospered, and in fifteen he had increased it to the extent of several nch establishments spread over Yorkshire and ncashire. But he still kept his wife's old dice with the £100 note sewn in the lining.

Then at last a friend persuaded him to show it and a closer examination made the possessor sp with astonishment.

It was a note on the "Bank of Engraving"! was the blissfulness that is born of ignor- nce that had prompted him to the original nture which had brought him his fortune.

Here is a humorous story which is founded on tual fact.

Some years ago a bookie laid a horse to a or for a very large amount, running into some s of pounds, and on finding himself to pay pleaded for time, which was ted. But the bookie suffered further mis- ne, and finally disappeared.

Some months later, the punter, who had given all hope of "touching," noticed a man selling ristmas in the Strand.

"Why!" he exclaimed, accosting the vendor, you're the —— bookie that did me in for 500!"

"Struth!" answered the other. "You're right! re, 'ave a banana!"

E. T. GRAVES.

### DOING HIS BEST.

The tramp touched his hat, and walked along beside the horseman.

"You wouldn't think it, sir," he said, "but I once had a happy home."

"Then," said the rider, "why didn't you do something to keep it happy?"

"I did, sir," said the tramp, "I left it."

### OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

The local hotel proprietor had been made a J.P., and was hearing his first case.

"The prisoner was drunk and disorderly," said the police witness.

"No, sir; no, sir; if you please," bleated the prisoner. "I never touch a drop."

"Then will you have a cigar?" said the magistrate, absentmindedly.

### LEAVING IT TO THEM.

"For goodness sake, come at once," cried the excited woman. "Four men are attacking a bookmaker in the next street."

"Is he the bookmaker who used to stand at the corner of the High Street?" asked the man addressed.

"Yes, yes," replied the woman.

"And are the men who are attacking him big, strong men?" asked the man.

"Yes, indeed they are," said the woman.

"Then it's all right," said the man. "I sha'n't trouble, for they won't need my help."

### STERN—(NOT ADAM).

"Smile," said the photographer.

"I can't," said his customer.

"Oh, yes, you can," said the photographer. "Just think of the Coronation procession, with all the military bands playing, and the flags flying, and the people shouting and cheering, and you standing, with all your friends about you, shouting too."

"Desist," said the customer. "That's exactly what I have been thinking of, and this photograph is to be sent to some of my relatives who want me to put them up for the Coronation days. Just take me as I'm looking now."

### DIPLOMACY.

"Hullo," said the diplomat to the bore who was sometimes useful to him in business, "are you free for to-morrow night?"

"Quite free," said the bore.

"And the night after?"

"Yes."

"What about Thursday?"

"I'm fixed then."

"What a pity! I wanted to ask you to dine with us on Thursday."

# CANVASSING "HOLIDAYS."

## FRAUDULENT METHODS EXPOSED.

"Look here, old sport, do you want a good holiday? If so, I can put you on to a real 'snip,'" is the sort of remark you will often hear in West-End bars and other places habitually resorted to by a certain type of man, half crook and half waster.

This is generally what the word "holiday" means in such a case.

There are a great many commercial firms—especially those dealing in cumbrous mechanical devices—which employ travellers on the following basis: A stipulated salary for three weeks and commission alone after that time.

The type of waster I am alluding to knows of this; and, as he is often a ne'er-do-well scion of a good family, he has no difficulty in convincing one of these firms that he is a reputable person. He gets the job, draws his salary for three weeks while doing no work, and after that disappears—to play the same game on some other commercial victims.

But, you may ask, what about "previous references"? That is easily answered. The crook poses as a man of family who has never worked, but who is now forced to do so through financial reverses. At first his name is good enough; and afterwards it is very easy for such a man to do what is known as "kiffing his references."

A retired Service man—probably a waster like himself—and a crook solicitor testify to his integrity time after time, and his "holidays" are frequent and delightfully easy.

The system adopted by instalment book publishing firms makes this sort of thing especially simple. They pay their canvassers their commission immediately on production of the written orders. Thus all a crook has to do is to get a large number of fellow-crooks to sign order forms. Then he goes to his firm's cashier, draws his commission, and is not seen again.

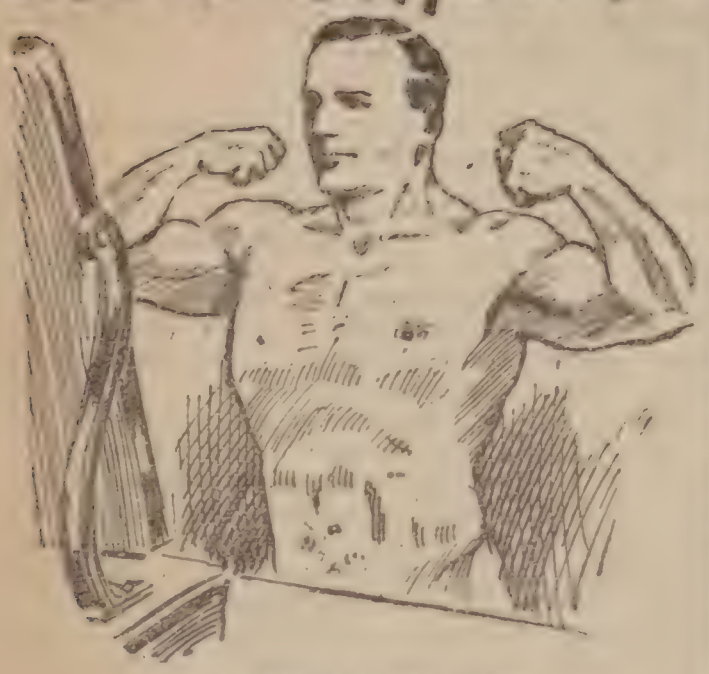
P. GILCHRIST.

# TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES.

## SOME NEW REGISTRATIONS (ENTIRELY UNRELIABLE).

Paul Til (the French boxer who recently appeared at the N.S.C.): "Fouls, Paris."
"The Daily Tale," Capucin House: "Pea Standard, London."
The House of Commons: "Cashiers, Westminster."
Mr. Harry Lauder: "Advertisingly, London."
Mr. George R. Sims: "Hairsprouts, London."
Mr. George Bernard Shaw: "Hairy, Plain, London."
The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour: "Golfingly, London."
Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree: "Toptree, London."
Mr. Hall Caine: "Grubbymind, Isle of Man."

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## DEVELOPING THE CHEST.

I propose to devote the space at my disposal this week to a few exercises of which the main purpose is the development of the chest.

My correspondence shows me that many of my readers are anxious to increase their chest measurement, and I have often found it the case that men who were by no means physically weak were yet considerally below the normal in this respect.

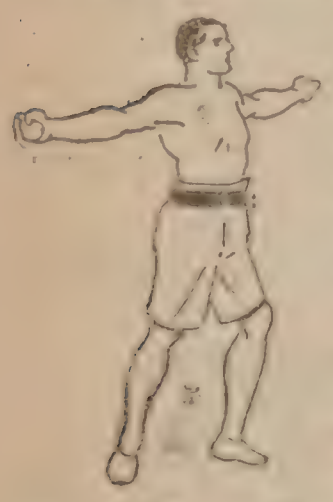
The normal chest measurement of a fully-developed man who stands 6ft. high is 45in. (unexpanded), but there is no occasion to imagine that you are abnormal in the ordinary sense if your chest does not measure so much. That is an ideal and not an average measurement.

But there are various exercises which can be practised with a view to increasing the chest measurements, and three of the best are illustrated on this page.

The first is a simple lunging exercise. Stand erect and with the heels together. Raise the arms horizontally in front of the body and place the palms of the hands together.

Keep the head up and do not let the chin sink on to the chest.

Now lunge smartly forward with the left foot, carrying it slightly to the left, and about 18in. in front of the other.



An exercise that expands the chest.

At the same time part the hands and carry the arms back to the position shown in the sketch, expanding the chest to the fullest extent. The body should still be turned to the front and not twisted to the left.

Then recover smartly to the starting position, bringing the heels together again, and making the hands meet again in front of the body. Repeat the movement, lunging with the right foot, and continue alternately about a dozen times.

Care must be taken that the hands actually meet in front of the body and that the arms are not bent in order to allow them to do so.

The breast muscles are called into play in any movement in which the arms are drawn across the front of the body.

The next exercise is one of the best I know for the chest if it is done properly, and one of the most useless if it is done carelessly and slackly.

Stand erect with the body drawn up to its full height, and place the hands on the hips, with the thumbs to the rear.

Draw in the abdomen and throw out the chest.

Now move the head slowly back to the position illustrated, at the same time filling the lungs with a deep breath and forcing the elbows back towards each other.

Having completed this movement, relax the arm muscles slowly and exhale, then repeat the movement.

Keep the elbows back.

The third exercise is somewhat similar, but will also increase the development of the neck.

The chest and neck developed at the same time.

Stand erect in an easy position and clasp the hands behind the head.

Force the head back, resisting the whole time with the arms. At the same time throw out the chest and contract the abdomen. Remain in this position for about a quarter of a minute, then relax slowly and repeat the process about a dozen times.

All these chest exercises should be done, if possible, either out of doors or before an open window, so that the lungs may be filled with pure air.

The two great muscles of the chest, which are known as the *pectoralis* muscles, can also be exercised most effectually by means of various dumb-bell exercises, or even without these appliances. One of these is to let the arms hang at the sides, clench the fists, tense the muscles, and bring the arms across the body without raising them until the forearms are crossed.

## PHYSICAL PERFECTION.

Many men are deterred from taking up physical culture because they know that they will never be able to rival the heroes whom they worship, and whose photographs are constantly reproduced in the athletic press.

One thing that debars many men from taking up physical culture is their height. A man who is 5ft. 6in. assures himself that he can never become like one of the athletic giants whose photographs he studies. If he knew a little more of these giants he would change his opinion.

Many of the record holders in the realms of athletics to-day are comparatively short men. Their muscular development is beautiful and symmetrical, and therefore they do not look short even in real life, while the photographer can take them in such a way that they look actually tall.

It is lifting the curtain a little bit, but if it encourages those who would otherwise hesitate to take up physical culture, service has been done.

Physical perfection does not exist. No man has his ears of precisely the same size, nor are the two sides of his mouth of the same length. His legs are unequal, one arm is stronger than its neighbour, his feet are not of the same length.

In the case of the man who is regarded as a model of physical development, these defects are so slight as to be imperceptible, but they always exist. Those in whom such defects are more noticeable should remember this, for by proper training the defects may vanish altogether.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**W. J. H.** (Stockwell).—Thanks for suggestion. I will endeavour to deal with the matter in an early number. You ought to weigh about 10st. 11lbs. Three ounces of tobacco a week is not an excessive allowance, but I daresay you would be the better for knocking off a pipe or two.

**F. A. R.** (Cheshunt).—1. About eight weeks should be enough, but it depends on the length of the race. 2. It is by no means necessary to swim every day provided you take other exercise instead. Morning for preference. 3. Any plain [illegible] foods, so long as they agree with [illegible]. Pastry and potatoes are best avoided. 4. [illegible] week is often enough for a long-distance [illegible].

**J. T.** (Glasgow).—Breathing exercises [illegible] which strengthen the lungs would assist you to develop your voice. I should advise you to consult an expert in voice-production or to take singing lessons.

**L. D.** (Northampton).—1. Stick to the exercises, choosing them carefully, and try massage. You cannot expect to develop big calves in a hurry. 2. You do not mention your age, but to judge from your height the other measurements are slightly below the normal.


Send 1s. 1½d. for **Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE."** It contains **information** on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Verdict of **all: "IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

Also ask for our explanatory Booklet, **"The Last Word in Physical Culture,"** which will be included Free and Post Free, or sent to any who send addressed postcard to

**MAXICK & SALDO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.**

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Either or all these systems are good for defence and exercise and recommended by doctors. Professor Vernon Smith teaches same intelligently and carefully, privately, in classes and by post, at fees within range of all. Illustrated book on Jujitsu and particulars 2d. stamps. Boxing Gloves from 2s. 11d., Canvas Shoes from 1s. 6d., Knickers from 1s., P. Balls from 6s. 6d., and other sporting, athletic, &c., articles equally cheap.

**Shepherd's Bush Hotel (Annexe), London, W., and 11, Swallow Street, Piccadilly.**

**THE ART OF FULL CONTRACTION;**

**Or, THE SECRET OF SIZE.**

*IMPORTANT PRIZE SCHEME.*

I want every reader to send for my latest booklet. It will answer many questions which Physical Culturists are dissatisfied with their progress are daily asking me. It describes a new method of exercising [illegible] and which makes [illegible] and positively certain. You will also receive particulars of a novel and interesting Prize Scheme, in which every pupil has an equal chance **regardless of physique.**

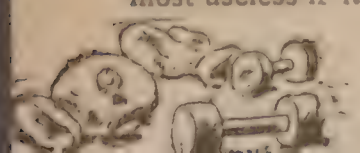
**INCH, Britain's Strongest Man.**

IMPORTANT STATEMENT.—Not one reader of "Modern Man" in each 500 is exercising correctly! No wonder results are unsatisfactory!

"The Art of Full Contraction" explains why, and gives exercises showing the right and wrong way of exercising. Send a card asking for above booklet and terms, which are low. Testaments if required. Health troubles and physical defects rightled under guarantee!

**DO IT NOW!**

**THOMAS INCH,** Dept. MM., Munster House, 676 & 676a, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

# THE IDLERS' DAY.

## IRRESPONSIBLE VAPOURINGS ON A HOT MONDAY AFTERNOON.

A sultry day is the ideal day for an idler in the country. He wants no other occupation than to sit or lie in sunshine or shade and endure.

Occasionally he will drag himself indoors for something cool and light to eat and drink, but of these he asks little.

To take such a day and of set purpose idle it away from the dawn to the dusk is one of the very choicest experiences if you have the capacity for taking things easily.

I have heard of men who say they like to work on these days; who declare that any day without its task, its responsibility, is an unhappy day. These people say they like work, but I never believe them.

I think their love of work is not quite disinterested. Either they have no capacity for enjoying mere nature in idleness, or else they hope their disgraceful and unorthodox views will get round to the employer's ears, and that he (the happy-when-working man) will be promoted and marry the said employer's daughter, and be happy (and busy) ever after.

No! Give me a soul who finds an all-sufficient occupation in listening for half a day to the rippling of a little stream, or to the amorous cooing of pigeons up in the trees of the otherwise silent woods.

I know how he is built, and which way his thoughts be, and he does not give me a feeling that I must be on my guard.

One of the most exquisite sensations to be enjoyed on these sultry days of idleness is the sense of aloofness from the workaday world which runs by clockwork.

In the soft grass on the garden side of the hedge—where the sun is filtered down on to you, as you lie, through the changing and innumerable openings in the tree tops, swayed by a little wind—you can escape from time!

On these days—off days a work-loving man would call them—you may doze on the grass and wake actually uncertain whether it is morning or afternoon! Time has lost its power for a day.

In a half-awake, deliciously comfortable condition of mind and body you are faintly conscious that the sun has drifted round some points since last you opened your eyes.

In the road a cart goes leisurely past, and you feel positively refreshed in your shaded comfort on hearing the grit of the wheels on the dry road.

You turn on your back and speculate on ethereal distances, trying to pierce the blue sky, and watching the slowly-flying clouds. And the wind stirs the trees to a murmur again, and you sleep on.

When next you wake the sun has left the lawn, except for a patch in one corner. You are in the shade, and the hour is obviously advanced.

There is a coolness in the grass round about you. Some changed aspect of the garden tells you the day is nearly done. It may be the light that falls differently on the cottage and the trees; or it may be still subtler influences—some change that in the mind and body keeps pace with the periods of the day, morning, noon, and evening.

With a painful effort, you sit up. And then begins a process of ascertaining which of your limbs have "gone to sleep" as you lay in unaccustomed attitudes. The ground was harder than you realised.

Lamely you scramble to your feet. Some welcome sounds have attracted you.

There is a light clatter of crockery, a creaking of wicker chairs. Turning towards the shadiest part of the lawn you catch sight of a garden table.

A number of familiar voices reach you, and then, just too soon for you to defend yourself, someone thrusts a tennis racquet into your ribs and makes pleasant remarks about a "lazy beggar," which you take to refer to yourself.

Then you get up; and the strawberries and cream are delicious.

A. LAMBERT.

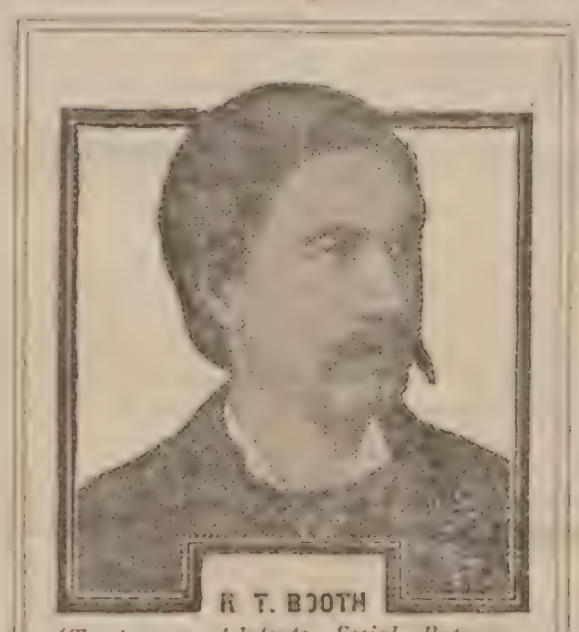

# LET "HYOMEI" CURE YOUR CATARRH.

## WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

**How you may obtain immediate relief and ultimate cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.**

**Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator, who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germ-killer, cures by just breathing it.**

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to sufferers are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-five years ago, as many of you know, I was stricken with Catarrh in so malignant a form that my life was despaired of. Sir Andrew Clark, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone's physician, advised me to make a journey to Australia, where it was hoped that the warmer climate would bring me relief. In that country I found a cure. That was twenty-five years ago, and to-day I have no signs of breathing troubles despite my age.



R. T. BOOTH

*(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei).*

The remedy I discovered I named Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), and I want every sufferer from breathing troubles to give it a trial. That they may do so, I have put the price within the reach of all. I implicitly believe in my remedy, and that is why I am so insistent in asking you to try it. I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed that it would accomplish all that I claim for it. So great is my faith in Hyomei, moreover, that I guarantee to return your money if it does not benefit you. (See Coupon below.)

**If your nose is stopped up.**
**If you have headaches.**
**If your voice is dull or harsh.**
**If your eyes often water.**
**If you sleep with your mouth open.**
**If crusts form in the nose.**
**If you catch cold easily.**
**If your hearing is affected.**
**If you have head noises.**
**If your throat is dry.**
**If you are tired on rising.**
**If you have a short, hacking cough.**
**If you have much discharge from the nose.**
**If your sense of smell is affected.**
**If mucus drops into your throat.**

If, in fact, you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse.

### CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh not only impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, poisons the stomach, and weakens the mind, but it renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull and thoughtless, and in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

### PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only am I myself convinced as to the undoubted superiority and efficacy of Hyomei, but thousands of users in this country have written me within the last two years testifying in no uncertain tones of the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their cases. Their experience may be yours, but do not be misled by the specious advertisements of people who will apparently say anything and make any claims, however wildly absurd, to sell their nostrums.

Remember, no cough mixture, no lozenge, no drops, indeed, no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure or even relieve nasal or throat catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, or lung trouble. These troubles threatened my life, and drove me to Australia seeking my cure. I found it there, and called it Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me). It cured me twenty-five years ago, to stay cured ever since, and it can cure you. I guarantee this, or return your money. (See Coupon below.)

My Hyomei cures you for the same reason that it cured me. I have so devised the Hyomei Treatment that it gives you in your own homes dried, clean air, filtered and impregnated with cleansing and healing balms, exactly as you would get it and breathe it if you were living as I did in Australia. That is the fact about the Hyomei Treatment; it gives you the healing Australian air in your own homes. Whether your trouble is in the Head (Nose); with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the Throat, with constant hacking, soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the Lungs, with congestion and constant threat of Consumption, there is not in the world a treatment—at any price, let alone at the low price at which I offer you the Hyomei Treatment—that should be mentioned in the same world as the Hyomei treatment for the relief and cure of the above troubles. R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomei," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, Head Cold, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Tonsillitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhal Deafness, Laryngitis, Consumpton, Hay Fever, Throat Troubles, including, in fact, all respiratory troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the Booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it, but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

.....

To Mr. R. T. BOOTH, 433, Roycroft House,
96, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomei Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomei Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomei Treatment (Foreign Orders 1s. extra).

Name .....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address .....

IMPORTANT NOTE:

You are invited to write a separate letter to me giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same. (Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

# THE OLD SPORTSMAN

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

There are those in the village inn who will tell you of the days when the Old Sportsman—worthy of a different adjective in those days—would stride into the speckless bar-parlour on keen hunting mornings with a "Holloa" that brought the scent of the field to mingle with the casks and the pungent suggestion of the rich old ale. They speak of those days as a pleasant memory. They point to smoke-blackened paintings in oils of horses ridden by jockeys in choky-looking jackets. The length of the stirrups calls for reminiscences of the long ago, when the American seat was not and the village was still capable of going honestly mad, despite lack of monetary interest, over the Old Sportsman's victory in a big race.

They were lurid evenings in the memory of the most aged inhabitants. There were torchlight processions, and under the discreetly dropped eye of the rector the village choir would turn out to a man and sing parodied words to the chorus tunes of comic songs popular in places of levity in far-away, deep-dyed London.

His step in the period of which I write was not so fast, perhaps, but it was brisk, and he was a "stayer." He drank in a fine morning, and the sun set a sparkle on his eyes that was quenched only as twilight fell. There was in him the joy of living—even in a sportsman seventy good years old. Over his earthenware mug of ale he was as the painting of a Dutch master, clear complexioned, full-eyed, able to pour the good beer down his throat like a man—all these things the earnest of many long days in the saddle or of lusty rounds, stripped to the waist, and fists clenched, in the harness room.

You figure him as the years went on. You see him leaving just the biggest of the doubles to what he called "younger and better men." You see him showing the science of the boxing game to growing sons who have inherited the lightning swiftness of a lunging left lead that the years have steadied in him.

But he is a grand figure of a man, this Old Sportsman. The village cronies, as is the wont of all village cronies, eye his off-spring, and fear sadly that they will never come to the eminence of the old stock, which was precisely the remark of the old cronies of that time with regard to the Old Sportsman when, a willowy lad, he drove beside his father in the historic gig. (What a good thing it is for England that the old cronies are usually wrong!)

Yet it is this very man who, whenever he caught me smoking the pipe of meditation on the gate of my little demesne, would ask me what I was waiting for and, hearing that I purposed to claim the right of a country-dweller to a friendly lift to the five-mile distant town, he would inquire for what in Heaven's name had Providence provided me with a pair of somewhat lanky legs.

It was, I suppose, a pride to him in these latter days to walk the distance, and he set out at such a steady pace so to do, that oft when he had jibed me into accompanying him, I would find my body tingling in the way a body has of accusing a man of being out of training.

Ah, it is sad to confess that on such days I could tell you of a young man who cast an eye full of longing at the sun-bathed quaffers behind the pint mugs outside the Half-way Inn. But the Old Sportsman, at his steady pace, his ebony stick rising and falling rhythmically, his shoulders determinedly squared, kept his face in the direction of the town. And even if his glance wandered that young man could trace naught but apathy when it rested on the fortunate men whose bucolic noses were deep in the ultimate depths of cool earthenware pots. It was with something of gentle sarcasm, I always thought, that the Old Sportsman enlarged on the possibilities of a lift home.

Yet, perhaps, of all the pictures of the Old Sportsman that rise to my mind, I would best of all like to show you him as he was by his paddock gate. It is perhaps the best portrait of him, for when he leaned over that gate, and I chanced to come up, I never interrupted him, for I knew he was in commune with his best friend, his closest crony, his dearest link with the past. The village knew that friend of his also, and paid to him as well the due respect of honoured age. They brought him apples when he had finally left the loose-box for the paddock, but, perhaps, it was not the pain to them that it was to the Old Sportsman when his hobble to the gate became slower. In the annals of Steeplechasing and Hunters' Steeplechases he had a more resplendent name than "Andrew." But he lived, like the Old Sportsman, on memories.

Watching those two—once master and servant, now friend and friend—it occurs to you that it is possible that the old bay notes with some concern that the arm that extends the morning delicacy to him is not so supple. The old hand trembles slightly as the days wear winterward and catches at his mane only with something of an effort.

The Old Sportsman on those occasions was prone to say: "Ah, old boy. Not much longer now I fear. . . ." But even as he spoke those words it is possible that similar sad thoughts were behind the dimming eyes of Andrew.

I have seen the Old Sportsman, as he walked off in those days when somehow the ground refused to pass under his feet so quickly, turn a little sorrowfully like a man taking what may be one of the last few glimpses of something he loves. At such times he has been a little surprised, perhaps, to see that Andrew, despite the fact that he had leisurely ambled away from the gate, had turned his head round also. Momentarily their glances would cling in the full understanding of friendship. And then the Old Sportsman would stump along his way under the beech trees and Andrew would return to his browsing in the paddock.

When I lingered for the Old Sportsman to come up with me, I would notice that he could not look me straight in the face, that there was no smack (ever-lightening alas! in this period) on my shoulders, that those cigars (confound them!) had strangely affected his throat that morning.

I mind the day when he looked over the gate into a paddock that boasted naught but an unbroken carpet of green, restful to all eyes, perhaps, except those of the Old Sportsman. His eyes still searched for a familiar but absent figure as twilight fell.

A husbandman returning home found that his spirit had sought to succeed where his eyes had failed.

## MELON AS HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A slice of melon makes a very pleasant beginning to luncheon or dinner on a hot day. It seems to clear the palate like an olive, and it is so light that it in no way takes the edge off the appetite.

Be careful, however, to see that the melon is ripe, for otherwise you may suffer painful pangs in "little Mary."

# TALES OF THE "OVAL."

## SOME FACTS AND STORIES ABOUT THE FAMOUS GROUND.

There is perhaps no cricket ground in the kingdom which is associated with more romance than the spacious, egg-shaped enclosure at Kennington; but it is doubtful whether the thousands who flock there throughout the summer, chiefly to watch stolid Tom Hayward castigating the enemy's bowling, are acquainted with a tithe of the Oval's history, or the stories that are on record about it.

Few men who examine and admire the splendid results of Apted's patient skill would imagine that in 1844, the year in which it was acquired by the Surrey Club, the ground was a cabbage garden!

But it was; and only a year after its being leased from the Duchy of Cornwall for thirty-one years, at the small rental of £120, the first match was played on it—namely, on July 17, 1845.

It was not before many years had elapsed, however, that the Oval reached anything approaching the standing that it possesses as a cricket ground at the present, when one Gentleman *v.* Players match is played there regularly every year, and when at least one Test Match takes place there whenever a Colonial team visits this country.

One of the earliest humorous incidents that took place at the Oval was in a match between Surrey and Kent at a time when these two counties had only lately been pitted together in the fixture list.

A Kentish batsman who had run up a good score, and pretty nearly "winded" himself in the process, had sat down to take breath; but although the point of his bat was inside his crease he was actually sitting outside it. All went well, however, until the unfortunate man dropped his bat, whereupon the wicket-keeper promptly stumped him, and he marched back to the pavilion, spluttering with rage, to the enormous delight of the Surrey crowd.

He swore he would not play against Surrey again; but he was prevailed upon to do so at the return match at Canterbury the same year, when, strangely enough, he was dismissed again *in exactly the same way.*

Taking into consideration all the bearings of the case, a Surrey *v.* Yorkshire match played at the Oval some years ago, in the height of Tom Richardson's fame, must surely constitute a record.

In the first innings Yorkshire were all out for 30, out of which one batsmen, Jack Brown, scored 16, so that the most of the side accounted for only 30 between them. Lord Hawke observed at the time that he had never seen such bowling as Tom Richardson's on that memorable day.

It was at a Test Match at the Oval, too, during the last Australian tour but one, that Cotter electrified the spectators by smashing an English batsman's middle stump into two pieces, both of which flew about seven yards away from the wicket.

It was in this match, too, that C. B. Fry demonstrated how valuable a turn of sprinting is to a first-class fieldsman.

Clem Hill, the left-handed batsman, had hit a ball hard past him, and though Fry turned and was after it like a flash, it appeared to have "the legs" of him, and the spectators wondered why on earth he continued pegging away after it as hard as he must have done more than one 100 yards on the Iffley track. But when Fry was seen to stoop down and pick it up within only a foot or so of the ropes, and hurl it back into the wicket-keeper's hands, such a roar went up as might have been heard a mile away.

Before winding up our few remarks on the Oval space ought to be found for a tribute to one who will never again be seen there—Craig, the Surrey "poet." Many a tea interval did he brighten with his cheery banter; and though on no occasion was he a loss for an apt rejoinder, he was never known to speak an ill-humoured word.

E. M. WELLSTOOD.

# JUNE AT ITS BEST

## THE HIGH TIDE OF NATURE'S LOVELINESS.

The wave has lately been coming on at a quicker pace.

It is crowding up higher and higher, and every time it mounts ever so little it is just so much nearer the point when it will begin to break, and the year's loveliness and newness will decline, at first slowly, but always surely, inevitably, towards the opposite extreme of bare branches, drab-brown fields, leaden skies—winter and rough weather.

But there is no need to anticipate the turn of the year like this. With health and a walking-stick and half-a-crown in your pocket, the world throws its best at you freely.

Even if we may calculate upon three months and even more if we are optimistic—of real June weather, there is only a short space during which we may look upon the new season without a blemish, without a wrinkle of advancing age.

If you are living near a range of hills—a chain of hills for preference—you are lucky indeed, for it is round about such ranges that June lets on its best attire and calls to the open with most insistent voice.

The roads are dusty, and the roadside hedges choked and grey with the flying, white dust.

It is an intense pleasure, therefore, to leave the road and turn into the over-grown lane that leads nowhere in particular, but trends towards open farm-lands, towards the hills.

It has long since covered up any trace of stones and other signs of road-making that mar this green lane.

### RUTS IN THE LANE.

The ruts here are deep and irregular, cut by the wheels of many years; so deep, indeed, that even now, when the land is parched and crying out for a thunder-shower, there is wet mud at the bottom of them.

On each side the hedges have run riot for June. Great clumps of ivy hang over the wide ditches; hedge plants make dense forests in the sunlight of the season's young growth. Bramble about; wild climbing plants have grown into masses through which no sun can penetrate.

The whole place seems given up to the unhindered, wild creatures that abound in every hedgeside.

Looking down the lane, where the white strip of road at the end has vanished, you are in a veritable loneliness. There may not be more than half a dozen men within two or three miles around you, and these are isolated in the fields, occupied with earthy tasks, and so still in the shimmering heat as to appear to make no progress up and down the innumerable rows of growing crops.

### A DISTANT VIEW.

The view through a gap, enlarged by standing on a fallen trunk that lies across the ditch, shows the hills, still a long way off. Indeed, those hills have a perverse way of receding backward at your approach. They seem to roll away over the edge of the earth now, and quivering in the heat. They seem to do so on a hot day like this, and you half abandon the idea of climbing them.

Instead, you sit down on the trunk and listen to the summer sounds. Soon you become aware of attraction for innumerable little flies that are as thirsty as you are. Tobacco-smoke is the remedy, and you light up, and by the time you are well settled, and the pipe drawing well, the hills have gone further away.

There is plenty of interest around you. For in the hedges are full of the first fledgelings of the year's birds. Fat, immature, unsuspicious thrushes sit on the nearest boughs with a vacant, fixed stare, now and again uttering a helpless sort of noise between a squeal and a whistle. The anxious parents fuss around, making strange noises to express their concern, at the same time carrying big supplies to drop into those reddish-yellow mouths always opening and never filled.

The corn is rapidly rising to its full height, and you think of the last time when you saw that same field, bare, brown, and with a rain-storm passing over it. Perhaps the next time you are there it will wear the pale gold of newly-exposed stubble, and partridges will be calling to each other across it. Just now it is cool and green and waving in a light wind.

### WILD FLOWERS.

Wild roses light the thick hedges with perfect pink, and the great, round heads of elder flowers nod in the breeze and add their faint sweetness to the rest of summer scents.

It cannot be long, you realise with regret, before the rattling whirr of the mowing-machine is heard all around cutting the year's first crop. When the hay has been made and carried these ruts will once more be deepened, the overhanging branches of the trees will be hung with wisps of hay caught from the top and sides of the passing load; and the hay-fields will wear that shorn, bare, and sore look that is the first roughness, as it were, on the breaking crest of summer's highest wave.

After that the year will race away to autumn and on to—but there are a few months left before that time comes again.

But you make up your mind to mount those hills, and you get slowly, stiffly down from the tree-trunk, pick innumerable caterpillars from your clothes, and go deeper into the heart of the land.

### REACHING THE HILLS.

The path begins to rise; the trees grow fewer, the hedges shorter; a chalky dust appears in the track; and soon you are on the first swelling rise of the foot-hills. Here it is time to lie and rest.

With your face to the earth, your straw hat on the back of your head, you lie and breathe the warm fragrance of wild thyme, and all the multitude of miniature flowers of beauty that go to make up the turf of a chalk hillside. Tiny beetles, with shiny scales and wing cases, crawl in and out of what you suppose must be forests to them, and little blue and brown butterflies come dancing along in the sunshine. They settle near you, opening their wings and exposing their long, little bodies to the full glare of the sun that you fear will wither up the little life within them.

But they face the steadiest glare, just as the flimsiest little blossoms do, all day long, and are none the worse.

For a space of time that you need not calculate—it is your holiday-time—you lie, half sleepy with the warm air; and then once more you are on the move. Over the hilltop you go, catching the breeze and opening your inmost clothes to let the cool air play about you; and then you dip towards the other side; down with ease and readiness, into the more wooded and sheltered country.

Just above a clump of trees you can see the shining weathercock on a church tower, caught by the sun as it moves easily with any slight change in the direction of the breeze.

You know that near the church there is also an inn—blessed combination and alliance! In the church porch you can sit and listen to the chattering bats up in the rafters, waiting till sundown for their meals of flies. There are curious notices, too, about the various affairs of "this parish."

And then at the inn you can refresh the body; and return to the church porch to doze again, until you feel moved to set out for home.

### PEACE.

But this quiet little nook, buried in a valley at the foot of the chalk hills, invites you to stay. Life here is peaceful. The farm seems to run itself, the barns and byres and ricks are so completely restful. Even the ducks have given up their slop-slop-slop-slop in the mud of the drying pond and are quietly resting with necks twisted over their backs and beaks under their wings.

Now and again a starling clatters from the tip of a roof, and the dog gets up, shakes himself well, and then stretches out full length in what he hopes will be a cooler patch in the shadow of a barndoor.

For the rest of the afternoon you make plans of giving up your town life and hiding away in some such place as this from "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of business.

Quite seriously you do this, though all the time you have in your pocket the return half of your week-end ticket, and a notebook full of engagements in town which you wouldn't miss for worlds—not even for the peace of the little farm in the valley below the chalk hills. But I would.

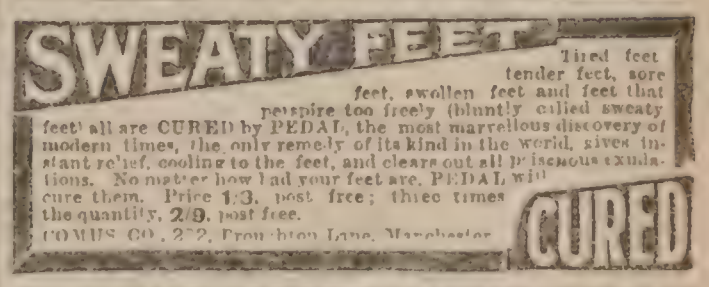
C. EASTON-GREY.

## 'WARE WEIRS.

The recent punting fatality, in which a man and a woman were drawn over Teddington Weir by the current, and in which the lady lost her life, ought to arouse the river authorities all over the country to an understanding of a very important requirement.

Some weirs possess it—but by no means all. Everyone of them should be "boomed off"—*i.e.*, railed across with a row of short uprights sufficiently close together and high out of the water to prevent any punt or other craft being drawn through.

A broad plank should run along the top to allow anybody who might be drawn against the boom to crawl along it to a place of safety.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# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

## WASTING TIME.

The letters which I receive from readers of this paper show me that many men are wasting time in their present employment. You get a letter from a man, working long hours with small pay and no prospects, and he asks you whether it would not be better for him to emigrate. I never know how to advise such an inquirer.

A man of [illegible] would probably be well advised to try his luck in one of the Colonies, but there a man needs initiative and go, and the very fact that he asks for the advice of someone else as to what he should do rather suggests that he lacks the necessary amount of initiative.

There are some people who seem to expect that everything should be made easy for them, that they should have a comfortable and well-paid position at home, or else be sent to one of our Colonies, with passage paid by a friendly Government, and a lucrative position guaranteed to them.

We are living in England in the twentieth century, and not in Arcadia. Men are not [illegible], and the need for energy and exertion and thought on the part of the individual is more necessary to-day than it ever was.

Every man has the carving of his own career. He may work hard and yet be unsuccessful, because he has made a miscalculation and has chosen his trade or profession.

If such be the case, the sooner he changes the method of earning his living the better, for it is unfair of him to put upon me the responsibility of advising him to take such a step.

A rolling stone who sticks to no job for long is not of much use, but there is many a man who is a good worker and diligent, but who has made the mistake of choosing an unprofitable trade.

He is usually the last to realise this fact, but being sure that by diligence and application in other duties he will, in time, get that success which he undoubtedly deserves, but he does not always get it.

Energy, to be useful, must be applied with purpose. You can be busy all day long and accomplish nothing.

You are a good worker, but cannot make a success of your own line of business, it may be time for you to try another; but the decision is for you, and you only, to decide. Beware, of making a rash change. Many men who begin to dislike their occupation as they are settled in it, and the experience of routine work is common to [illegible].

Bear with remembering before you throw up your job that there will be plenty of routine work in the next one you get, and that it will be just as irksome.

In changing your job you are taking a very serious step of life.

How should you do it?

Is your present job to your liking? Do you feel that you can put your heart into it? Is it likely to bring you in time the success you desire?

On the other hand, are you merely discontented and unsettled?

Answer these questions for yourself and take the responsibility.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

## FINANCE.

*(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)*

### 'CHANGE.

Business on the Stock Exchange is quiet; but the "bull" account is not large, and I am confidently looking forward to an all-round upward movement in prices.

### HOME RAILWAYS.

The weekly traffics still show excellent increases on those of last year, and the prospects are still very promising.

Dover "A," Districts, and York Deferred are my favourites, and for a real, cheap, and progressive investment commend me to the East London Railway £100 Stock, now standing at about £7.

When the electrification is completed on this line the Metropolitan and District Railways will be able to tap an immense passenger traffic from the populous S.E. district to all parts of London, besides linking up with the London, Brighton, and South Coast and the London, Chatham, and Dover and South-Eastern at New Cross.

The result should be satisfactory to shareholders.

### AMERICANS.

Prices still keep moving upwards; but this is the one market in the "House" that I would not be a "bull" of at present.

A friend of mine who has just arrived from New York, where he has been in business for nineteen years, tells me that trade is very bad in the States and shows no sign of improving in the near future.

He says that the Americans cannot understand why trade is so good in the Old Country while so many of their factories and mills are closed.

### COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Canada still booms, and looks like continuing to do so from the large number of good-class emigrants that land on her shores every week, and I still recommend a purchase of Western Canada Land shares and Grand Trunk Railway stocks—especially the "Thirds."

To add to her troubles Mexico has had to put up with an earthquake; but trade ought now to revive, and with good government Mexico has a great future from an investor's point of view.

### RUBBER SHARES.

These are slightly better on the week, and promising bargains are to be had in this market.

### OIL SHARES.

These shares hang fire in an extraordinary manner if we except the Oil Trust of Galicia shares, which have had a substantial jump owing to some operators taking the liberty of selling "short."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**"RUBBER"** (Belfast).—There is no cause for anxiety. Your broker is quite right; he cannot insist on delivery until ten days after the Account Day. The Rules of the Stock Exchange allow this margin; after that he can "buy in." Of course, the shares may come to hand at any time during this interval, and he has to pay immediately on receipt.

**K. M.** (Edinburgh).—Hold Nos. 1 and 3. The others are too speculative to come up to my ideas of an investment.

**"RAILS"** (Birmingham).—The East London Railway runs between Whitechapel and New Cross, and its length is about five and three-quarter miles.

**G. T.** (Kensington).—I do not advise the exchange. The Rubber market is certain to improve before long, and then you will be able to realise without loss.

**F. R.** (Swansea).—In your position it is very unwise to purchase shares with so heavy a liability. You can get as good a return without the risk.

**"HARRY"** (Bath).—You may safely average.

**H. A.** (York).—I think the suggested exchange is a good one. You will have a much more active market to deal in.

**JOHNS** (Truro).—You can, of course, exchange your investments to pay a higher rate, but you must remember that high interest generally means great risk. Send me your list and a stamped addressed envelope and I shall advise you.

**H. B.** (Bath).—I quite approve of the exchange.

**H. A.** (Guildford).—A very hopeful lock-up.

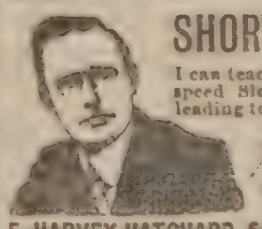
THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

### SHORTHAND.

The advantage of knowing how to write in shorthand is obvious, but there are many who have left the subject alone because it takes so long to learn.

It does in the ordinary way, but the Sloan-Duployan College, Holborn Hall, London, W.C., is now starting a special course for teaching students by post in four weeks.

Those desirous of learning shorthand quickly should write to them for particulars.

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# FERRIS'S DIAMOND TRANSACTION

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

By E. WADE LANG.

I.

"So Anatole Thiebaut is dead," said Ferris, laying down "Le Figaro" on his knee—a paper which he regularly read.

"Who was Anatole Thiebaut?" asked I, never having heard of him.

"Oh, you didn't know him. He was a celebrated diamond-cutter in Amsterdam for a great many years, and afterwards retired to Paris to live on his considerable fortune. I met him on a number of occasions—a courteous, narrow-minded old gentleman, wholly uninteresting except for his accomplishments in his profession. He stood unrivalled in the particular branch of his art; it was said that none could copy his best work.

"I have an example of it in my own possession," added Ferris, to my surprise. "You remember that gentle and unfortunate lady, the Princess Balakowsky of Russia, whom we were able to render a slight service to one day? She presented me, before she died, with a single unset diamond cut by Thiebaut; a perfectly smooth, oblong-shaped brilliant, like a diminutive flashing brick.

"I have never seen another like it; nor probably is there another exactly like it in the world. Nor have I attempted to dispose of it; it was a mark of respect and affection such as I have seldom deserved. Well, Thiebaut has passed now——"

And he made a little gesture to indicate the impermanence of all things.

"Where is the jewel now, did you say?" I queried with open interest.

"Among other valuables in the strong-room of the City and Provinces Bank, Cannon Street. I have always kept on a fairly substantial deposit account there—in the name of Caleb Wells. They know me as a globe-trotter who reappears in London occasionally; and it is extremely convenient to give their name as a reference sometimes."

"I'd like to see that diamond," said I, for I had played my part in the assistance rendered to the Princess, and this was the first I had heard of any acknowledgment.

Ferris looked at me in a peculiar fashion.

"As a matter of fact, old Irishman," said he, "you're rightly entitled to half of its value. But, honestly, I had never thought of it before. I was treasuring the memento for its own sake, forgetting that—But it's not too late."

"Confound you!" I returned hotly, "I didn't mean that, I merely meant it would be interesting to have a look at it."

"Nevertheless," he rejoined, and it was clearly his intention to insist on the point.

But all at once his expression changed. He sat with enrapt eyes for an interval.

"By Jove," he said softly, "if only it could be worked!"

"What?" said I.

"You to have your share and I to retain my keepsake. Be quiet for a while. I've an idea flitting through my brain as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp."

II.

It was nearing ten o'clock that night when, leaving the thronged Mile End Road behind us, we entered a certain badly-lighted street in the East-End, and, after covering a short distance turned at length into a gloomy little shop, which bore the inscription above its dirty window: "Aaron Morton. Dealer in Curiosities."

We were dressed in loud checks and flash imitation jewellery, and Ferris's marvellous skill with the brush and pencil had transformed us convincingly into the lowest type of Cockney sportsmen.

Aaron Morton, a white-whiskered old Jew with a skull cap, came out of the little room behind the counter and paused with lowered head, looking at us over the top of his spectacles with furtive, suspicious eyes.

His gaze fastened finally on Ferris.

"You might close the door behind you, Mr. Johnson," he complained querulously.

Ferris complied, making no sound as he shot the bottom bolt.

The Jew, as crafty a "fence" as any that infested the east side of London, immediately became bland, rubbing his hands together and beaming on us, oilily and expectant. We had both paid many visits to him before—always in the present guise.

"Well, what have you got for me this time?" he asked pleasantly. "Something good, Mr. Johnson? Eh?"

For answer Ferris drew his right hand from his trousers pocket and slowly opened it before the other's eyes. The brick-shaped diamond lay glittering on the palm.

"That," he said, and deposited it deliberately in the middle of the counter.

He waved back the Jew with his hand.

"Keep orf," he said laconically. "Take a good squint at it fust. Where's yer scales?"

The Jew brought a pair of finely-balanced scales from beneath the counter, a palpable disappointment supplanting his first cupidity.

"You've been taken in, Mr. Johnson," he said, sympathetically shaking his head. "That's not a genuine diamond; that's a crystal."

"Weigh it," said Ferris, ignoring the remark. "How many carats?"

"Sixty-five. But——"

"Sixty-*eight*. And I want *a thousand quid* for it. No 'ank and no arguin'."

The Jew switched on a powerful electric light in a recess, examined the diamond, then weighed it again.

He offered a hundred pounds.

Prolonged wrangling resulted in Ferris reducing his price to eight hundred pounds and the Jew increasing his offer to three-fifty.

But there both stopped.

"Right y'are," said Ferris indifferently, and he pocketed the diamond and turned to me, saying, "Come on."

He had already threatened departure in the same manner six or seven times. But this time was the last.

"You'll get no more, wherever you go," said the Jew cantankerously, confident, no doubt, that he would soon see us back again.

Ferris paused on his way to the door, and indulged in a lurid diatribe on the blood-sucking proclivities of "fences" in general and Aaron Morton in particular.

Then we left.

"To look at him," observed Ferris some time later, "one would never guess that he's the principal partner in a firm of diam... dealers in Hatton Garden. But it's the ... truth, though he doesn't dream I'm aware ... it. The arrangement is an admirable one ... putting on the market stuff otherwise ... gerous to dispose of."

We reached our quarters in a conte... frame of mind. The first portion of ... scheme had been successfully accomplish...

III.

A week later we were staying in a q... exclusive hotel in Bayswater, having os... sibly arrived from Paris.

The following day we paid a visit to ... well-known jeweller's shop in Piccadi... where Ferris, tendering a card and expla... ing his business, was duly accorded an in... view with the manager in a private office.

Mr. Z—— was a shrewd, dapper, imma... lately-attired little gentleman of about fi... with grey eyes that seemed to read ... through and through.

"Mr. Caleb Wells?" he said questioning... after another glance at the card in his finge...

"I am Mr. Wells," said Ferris, smili... in that inimitable manner of his. "He int... duced me by some name I have forgot... "I am from Paris, acting on behalf ... certain personage whose identity I am n... at liberty to disclose at present. Our bus... ness in this country is to endeavour to obta... a match of a somewhat unique specimen of ... diamond. Possibly your firm may be in ... position to undertake the commission."

He withdrew from a pocket a small lea... case, and opening it with delicate care, pas... the contents to Mr. Z——, a brick-shape... diamond of unusual brilliancy.

"This looks like Thiebaut's work," ... marked the dapper little jeweller, unhesitat... ingly.

"It is Thiebaut's," agreed Ferris, ... I am led to understand by His Hi... the gentleman whose deputies we ... there is only one other exactly resem... it extant. A pair were made originally, ... believe, but the purchaser presented one to ... —a friend for whom he had formed an ... attachment, and she—well, perhaps you can ... guess the rest. She failed to value ... the sake of its association—and sold ... and now it has been lost sight of.

"But I need not weary you with a ... of what is, after all, but a private ... matter. Suffice it to say that the jewel ... be recovered, even if it be at a ... excess of its intrinsic value.

"We have ascertained that a diam... a similar kind has recently been offered for ... sale in England, and our hope is that ... quiries circulated throughout the ... dealers will result in its being traced to ... the business one that appeals to you, Mr. ... Z——?"

"Most certainly," was the reply. "Will you sit down? Our firm is in touch with ... infinite variety of channels of supply, ... anyone can succeed in recovering it ... we can. The diamond has not been ... I presume?"

"Not so far as our knowledge goes. It has merely disappeared. Possibly it has fallen into unscrupulous hands."

"Just so. Can you give me any ... of the figure you are prepared to pay ... you don't mind, your valuation of this ... you have now."

"Certainly. Would you kindly ... moment."

He was absent from the office ... interval. Ferris turned and chatted ... meanwhile about a certain ... in Paris—for the benefit of a ... dropper.

"As a single stone," said Mr. Z—— returning, "we should estimate it to be ... about one thousand two hundred pounds

[illegible] you must understand, would naturally be worth more; that is to say, more than twice as much. Say three thousand pounds."

"That is excellent," returned Ferris, permitting himself to look pleased. "I am empowered to offer you a round two thousand pounds for the duplicate stone, laying stress on the fact that the paramount consideration is urgency. How soon do you think you will be able to give me any information?"

"Oh, conceivably within a week. You will leave the stone ——?"

"I am sorry to say that is impossible," regretted Ferris. "I have to return it by registered mail to-night to Paris. It is known —that — I mean, His Highness's [illegible]." He caught himself up with his tooth in his lip. "You understand my difficulty," he murmured apologetically.

"It is immaterial," Mr. Z—— hastened to say. "A minute description of the stone will suit our purpose equally well. If you will excuse me I will have all the particulars booked."

"Thank you," said Ferris, accepting the proffered cigar.

A few minutes later we were shaking hands in the hall.

"You have a note of our hotel?" inquired Ferris. "Ah, yes. . . . And there is one other point—my bankers are the City and Provinces Bank, Cannon Street, who will give you any information you require."

We were cordially ushered out by Mr. Z—— in person.

IV.

[illegible] pointed out to me an advertisement in the agony column of one of the daily papers one morning in the hotel, and smiled quietly with the satisfaction of having predicted aright.

The advertisement, innocent in its verbiage, read:

*"Johnson. Want see you any night this week. Always your devoted A. M.*

It was a means of communication which Aaron Morton had used on former occasions, when wishing to get into touch with the cracksman whom he knew as Johnson.

Ferris went alone.

For the second time he took the brick-shaped diamond with him—and for the second time he returned with it unsold.

"He nearly had a fit," said Ferris, "when I gave way to coarse laughter at his saying I had only asked for eight hundred last time. *Eighteen* hundred I said it was; and I stuck to it with a face like brass.

"He capitulated at last, and began to climb slowly up from five hundred to twelve hundred. Beyond the latter he refused to budge. It's indisputably obvious that Z—— has sent on the inquiry to his Hatton Garden house, and that he's trying to net a little scoop at my expense. Probably Z——'s best offer is fifteen hundred. We shall be hearing more from both ends before many days have passed unless I'm much mistaken."

"Have you thought," said I, "that, after all, there may be another stone like ours in existence?—and that Z——'s may find it?"

"There is no other," said Ferris confidently. "And the art of producing them died with Thiebaut."

The next development was a letter from Z——'s, intimating that they had discovered the possessor of the duplicate diamond ("bluff on Morton's part," commented Ferris), but that he was demanding a considerably higher price than they could pay. Would Mr. Wells at his convenience give Messrs. Z—— a call."

Ferris called—and after discussion agreed to increase his offer to three thousand pounds.

He pointed with triumph to another message in the paper from Morton a few days later.

"This time," said Ferris, "he'll pay me the eighteen hundred."

And the night brought corroboration of the prophecy. Ferris sold him the brick-shaped diamond for eighteen hundred sovereigns in cash.

Then in due time came a letter from Messrs. Z—— announcing that they had succeeded in purchasing the duplicate stone in accordance with Mr. Wells's instructions. On receipt of Mr. Wells's remittance for three thousand pounds, &c. . . .

Ferris's visit to them was at half-past five in the evening—an hour and a half after the City and Provinces Bank had closed. He surrendered a cheque for the amount, and received the brick-shaped diamond in exchange.

Unfortunately for Messrs. Z——, that very day Mr. Caleb Wells had withdrawn from the said bank the major portion of the sum to his credit—a sum which for a considerable period had totalled nearly ten thousand pounds.

So the cheque was dishonoured.

And Ferris had recovered his treasured memento of the Princess, plus eighteen hundred pounds for having temporarily lent it.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

## TAILORING BY POST.

It is not very long since the only means of getting clothes cut in the London style, if one was unable to visit a London tailor, was to order a ready-made suit and trust to luck. But nowadays a postcard to Messrs. McKinley, of 7, Gresham Street, E.C., brings self-measurement forms, a tape measure, and instructions which enable any man to take his own measure as well as a tailor. In this way you get a suit cut—and well cut—to measure, and you get your money returned if it does not fit.


**31/6 NETT CASH.**

THE **CAMBRIDGE SUIT.**

**4/-**

**WITH ORDER.**

**35/- EASY TERMS.**

The "Cambridge" is the ideal Holiday Suit. It is the suit for all times—for walking, for cycling, for boating, for lounging about in town or country at the week-end there is no other suit just as comfortable; it is cool on the hottest day, and yet will protect you from chills on the cold nights. It is made with the new bellow patch pockets with pleated centres—it is the speciality which all well-dressed men are wearing. It is

**READY TO WEAR.**

There are two great advantages to buyers of this suit—it is ready for immediate dispatch—no waiting while it is being made—if you want a suit you want it now—and the other great advantage is you can buy from us privately by post and pay monthly privately.

**Send 4/-**, and give your height, chest measurement over the vest, and colour preferred, and this 35/- "Cambridge" Suit is sent you, pay 4/- on delivery, and 4/6 monthly. This extraordinary offer of this smart, fashionable suit on easy terms is to all readers of this paper.

Now that you can buy this class of suit on easy terms, there is no excuse for you to be otherwise than dressed in good style. The "Cambridge" Suit is made in splendid hard-wearing cloths, in the up-to-date latest shades and mixtures, dark and light browns, greens, and dark check tweeds. Perfect cut, fit, and finish throughout. Send 4/- with chest and height measurements and ask for the "Cambridge" Suit. Patterns may be had on application.

**MASTERS, Ltd., 85, Hope Stores, Rye, England.**


# ARE YOU A MEMBER?

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable) 1s. 4½d, post free | Wide-ended silk ties ..... 2s. 5½d., post free |
| Narrow bow ties 1s. 5½d., " " | Silk mufflers ... 4s. 11d. " " |

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gold-plated tie-pin..... 6d. | Solid silver tie-pin ..... 1s. |
| Gold-plated safety-pin ..... 6d. | Solid silver safety-pin ..... 1s. |
| Gold-plated lapel or cap badge.. 6d. | Solid silver lapel or cap badge... 1s. |
| Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain ..... 6d. | Solid silver pendant for watch-chain..... 1s. |

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

## APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

*Signature*.....

*Address*.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

# The Outer Man

## A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

### CORONATION DAY CLOTHES.

What sort of clothes ought the male spectator of the Coronation ceremonies to wear?

If we were the other side of the Channel we should probably all turn out in evening dress, and we should not be in doubt. As it is, probably we shall see every variety of costume, from the comparatively rare frock coat and silk hat to the flannel suit and straw.

The latter will no doubt be most popular, especially if the weather is such as we are enjoying at the time of writing.

All those who have the right to do so should, of course, honour his Majesty and themselves by wearing the King's uniform, and a special order has been issued authorising all possessors of war medals to wear them even though they have no longer a uniform to wear.

In the Abbey itself, of course, Court dress will be the rule, but in the streets lounge suits will probably be generally worn.

A word of warning in season may be useful to those who intend to see the procession from crowded stands or from the pavement.

When one is starting out at some unearthly hour of the morning, when the temperature may be cool, or even cold, one is apt to clothe oneself accordingly, and to forget that one will have to bear the heat of the day wedged tightly in a mass of humanity.

At the risk of feeling cold in the early morning it will be wise to wear as few and as light clothes as possible.

The possessor of a soft felt hat will be well advised to choose that as his headwear for the day. It may not be so cool or so light as a straw hat, but it will cause less inconvenience to his neighbours in the crowd and to himself, and while the procession is actually passing it can be taken off and put in the pocket or held in the hand.

Although one may instinctively wish to put on one's best clothes in honour of the occasion, this is by no means wise policy. One's best clothes are not always the most comfortable, and in any case they would emerge at the end of the day in a sadly battered condition.

Moreover, when one is packed in tight as one of two million or so spectators, not many people will have the opportunity of noticing whether you are in your best clothes or your oldest.

### THE POPULARITY OF GREY.

Greys and browns are the shades most in evidence at present, and the latter are fast giving place to the all-conquering grey, which has the additional advantage of looking cool.

There are very few men who do not look well in a grey suit, and there is a great field to choose from. One can get grey cloths in a hundred different shades, from silver-grey to grey-green, and with stripes of all kinds introduced. Grey is undoubtedly the colour to choose for a flannel suit. It will stand more wear than anything else, and can be cleaned more easily if that becomes necessary.

Oxford blue is also a popular colour for flannel suits, but it is not to be recommended to the man of limited means. It is difficult to get a thoroughly fast colour which will not fade, and even then suits of this colour show every mark.

A flannel suit is essentially a knockabout suit, and will probably be subjected to some pretty hard wear during the few months when it can be worn.

Grey flannel is the stuff to choose, and see that it is flannel. A "flannel" suit in which cotton plays a predominating part will show signs of wear and lose its shape in a very few weeks, while a flannel suit with a proper proportion of wool will remain reasonably smart for two or even three years.

It is a great mistake to think that a ready-made flannel suit at a very low price will answer the purpose quite well since it is only to be worn during the summer months. Just as much care should be expended on the choice of a flannel suit and on the getting of a good fit as on an ordinary lounge suit.

### WHITE FLANNEL SUITS.

The boating man, the cricketer, and the tennis player might do worse than indulge in a suit of white flannel. During the hot weather we have recently experienced there has been a great demand for jackets and trousers of this material, and I have noticed that they are extremely popular just now at Oxford.

Of course, they need to be treated with some care, but in the ordinary way they should last through a summer with possibly one cleaning.

The jacket, which is cut in much the same fashion as an ordinary lounge jacket, though sometimes rolled so low as to have only one button, is usually fitted with white bone buttons.

An effective variation can be introduced by having mother-of-pearl buttons, both in front and on the cuffs.

The lapels should be cut rather narrow as with thin stuff such as this broad lapels have a tendency to curl outwards.

### CLEANING BETTER THAN WASHING.

To wash the jacket of a white flannel suit such as I have mentioned above would be an obviously unsatisfactory proceeding, but many men send their flannel trousers to the wash in the ordinary way.

Even though this may not lead to shrinking—as in cheap trousers it inevitably will—the result will not be so good as if the trousers had been dry cleaned.

The cost is practically the same, and if the work is done by a prompt firm the time taken in cleaning is less.

Messrs. Achille Serre, for instance, take only four days to clean and tailor-press an entire suit, and return it looking like a new one. The washerwoman who can wash a pair of flannel trousers and return them inside a week I have yet to find.

Incidentally the average laundry has an interesting idea that the proper way to crease a pair of trousers is down the sides, whereas Messrs. Serre put in a crease that will last in the right place.

### PINNING THE TIE.

During the hot weather, when so many men have discarded their waistcoats and braces, and are wearing shirts and trousers supported by a belt, the matter of adjusting the tie is of additional importance.

In the ordinary way one does not require to fix the tie down to the shirt, for the waistcoat keeps it more or less in place, but with the vanishing of the waistcoat it is necessary to fix the ends of the tie to the shirt, for otherwise they will become a nuisance.

Various types of tie clips are sold for the


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On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style and workmanship. Yet our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

**SUITS (to measure) .. .. .. .. .. .. 25s. to 50s.**
**RAINPROOF OVERCOATS (to measure) .. .. 25s. to 45s.**
**BREECHES (to measure) .. .. .. .. .. 10s. 6d. to 21s.**

*Carriage paid. No Extras. We refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.*

**SEND TO-DAY** for our Booklet "M.N." our splendid range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. They will be sent to you free and post paid. Write or call

**C. & G. McKINLEY,** *Tailoring Specialists*
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Men know the value

of being smartly dressed. Not necessarily expensively dressed, but neatly and nattily. It is not cash but care that makes appearance. The easiest, most satisfactory and cheapest way of keeping up a smart appearance is to send your suits to be dry-cleaned by the Achille Serre process. For 3/9 a complete suit is cleaned and pressed and returned within 4 days looking exactly as when new.

Write for illustrated booklet, "Pride of Dress," and address of nearest branch or agency.

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(Nettoyage à Sec), Limited,
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('Phone 1265 East.)
Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct.

purpose, but as good a thing as any is an ordinary common safety-pin. If you have a gold safety-pin, you do not mind its being seen, but if the one you are using is of common metal, you can easily pin your tie from underneath, so that only about a sixteenth part of an inch of the pin is apparent.

### TROUSERS AND BELTS.

Talking of what the Americans call "shirt waists," reminds me of the fact that it is rather difficult for the average Briton suddenly to adopt with any grace the fashion of dispensing with his waistcoat and wearing a belt, and this is because his trousers are not made for the purpose.

When you order a pair of flannels, which are always intended to be worn with a belt, the tailor cuts them to stop at the waist; but when he makes you a pair of trousers for a lounge suit, he brings them a considerable distance above that. When, therefore, you dispense with your braces and wear a belt and no waistcoat, the two or three inches of cloth appearing above the belt look very unsightly.

The best plan under such circumstances is to double the spare cloth underneath.

Both for appearance and comfort it is advisable never to wear a belt with trousers unless proper tabs are sewn on at the sides to keep it in place.

### THE SLIT AT THE BACK.

As everyone knows, of course, the present fashion in men's lounge jackets is to have a slit at the back. It is a regrettable fact that certain tailors do not give as much attention to this slit as they ought to do, and do not allow sufficient stuff in the skirt of the jacket to permit the slit to retain its proper position.

The slit in the ordinary way is simply a matter of convenience, in order that the tails of the coat can spread out when you sit down, instead of being creased when you are walking.

One side of the slit should overlap the other, but if the tailor has been careless, and has allowed too little stuff in the skirt of the jacket, the two sides of the slit will remain several inches apart, even when you are in a walking or standing position.

When fitting on a jacket, therefore, be sure to view yourself well in a back mirror, in order to see that sufficient stuff has been allowed to permit the slit to retain its proper place.

### THE SAFEST POCKET.

A City magistrate recently pronounced a very sensible warning to those men who are in the habit of carrying valuables, such as a purse or cigarette case, for instance, in a hip pocket, under the impression that they will be safer there than in the side pocket of the trousers.

As a matter of fact this pocket is as easy to pick as the inside breast pocket in which most men keep their precious pocket-books.

As far as safety goes, the pocket which affords the "Artful Dodger" most difficulty is the trouser pocket with a horizontal opening such as those usually cut in riding-breeches. It should be cut sufficiently high for the opening to be covered by the waistcoat.


SOMETHING SPECIAL IN BELTS

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# Coronation Royal Blue

## SERGE LOUNGE SUIT.

**The greatest achievement in Tailoring during the Coronation Year.**

Every loyal subject will do his best in his own way to celebrate the Coronation.

We are doing our part by producing our Coronation suit at a price which has never been approached in connection with a suit of such cloth and such workmanship.

The price is

**40/-**

The material, in honour of our Sailor King, is

## ROYAL BLUE SERGE.

Owing to the exceptional size of our order, we have secured a stock of this serge at a price which makes it possible for us to produce our Coronation suit at such a low figure.

This Royal Blue Serge is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour. So confident are we of its merit that

**We guarantee 2 years' wear.**

We can fit you by post, if you cannot call, and we guarantee to give you an exact fit.

***If you are not satisfied with the suit, return it to us, and we shall return your money in full without question or dispute.***

Write to-day for free patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent free to any address. If you are in London, call and see the Royal Blue Serge in the piece.

# J. & H. ELLIS,

## 20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

*(Close to Ludgate Circus).*

## BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**G. H.** (Wakefield).—Any local curio dealer will supply you with sporting prints, but he will probably want a fairly stiff price for them. It often pays better to buy old books of a sporting kind, and to have the plates in them framed. They make very good pictures for your den.

**T. J. CRANWELL,** Hurstwood Cottage, Cohuna, Victoria, Australia, will be glad to hear from any reader who contemplates going to that part of the globe.

**G. L. C.** (Leicester).—It is very difficult to get a job as steward on a liner unless you have influence. Better adopt your second plan and join a cavalry regiment. As you have had some Territorial experience you will get along all right, and you will find your fellow-troopers to be of the best.

**H. H.** (Manchester).—The Registrar of your local University will give you the particulars you want.

**J. R.** (Calcutta).—Sorry, but it can't be done.

**T. J. B.** (Tullamore).—Don't use ordinary polish for patent leather shoes. Special polishes are made for this kind of leather in order to keep it from cracking.

**SKEGNESS.**—C. T. Hilton, care of Mrs. Watson, Clovelly, Wainfleet Road, Skegness, will be happy to meet or correspond with any reader who contemplates a holiday in the seaside resort which Mr. Hassall's poster says is "so bracing."

**R. B.** (West Hartlepool).—Write to the Emigrants' In ormation Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

**R. E. D.** (Newcastle).—Any military outfitter will meet your requirements.

**W. K.** (Liverpool).—Better avail yourself of the facilities offered in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

**E. A. A.** (St. Ives).—Tickets for sweepstakes can be had from the people organising them.

**G. A.** (Wolverhampton).—Your prejudice against the fashion of wearing trousers with permanent turn-ups is unwarranted. You say that there is no sense in it. Perhaps you are right, but when were fashions sensible? What suffices most of us is the fact that they exist, and we bow to them without argument.

**W. J. C.** (Harwich).—One of the best tooth powders is common whiting. It is very cheap, and better than many that are advertised.

**"TERRITORIAL"** (Liverpool).—Your best plan is to pack your soft garments at the bottom of your kit-bag, and to roll them each into a hard tight ball, which you can ram down end upwards. Push your spare boots down in the middle of the soft clothes, and put all the small things at the top.

**F. W.** (Portsmouth).—Do not go to the expense of taking out a season ticket for the storing of your bicycle. There is sure to be someone living near the station who will look after it for you for a small sum.

**J. S.** (Leytonstone).—We do not advise you to try to make your living at boxing. Keep your talent for the purposes of recreation only.

**F. McL.** (Aberdeen).—Glad to hear that you think the paper gets better every week. We do our best to keep it up to the mark, and a bit over.

**H. T.** (Leicester).—The average Englishman's physique to-day is much better than it was in the old days. Have you ever observed the size of an old suit of armour? Only a boy could get into it now.

**"METEOR"** (Bayswater).—(1) No. (2) Any bookseller will supply you.

**J. G.** (Edinburgh), **B. H. V.** (Sheffield), **C. F.** (Dundalk), **R. R.** (Wigan), **A. J. C.** (Nottingham), **G. M.** (Glasgow), **W. F. H.** (Birmingham), **B. S.** (Hull), **H. M.** (Roade), **E. H. S.** (Lanark).—We are much obliged to you.

## CARD SHARPERS' METHODS.

### TWO TRICKS WHICH ARE NOT VERY DIFFICULT TO DETECT.

Although the tricks of the card sharper are many and varied, the great majority are too intricate to be explained adequately in a short article without illustrations; but a great many dodges are variations of two feats of sleight-of-hand, which I intend to expose here for the benefit of any readers who may chance to get into the society of any card-playing crooks.

The first is known as "squeezing the cards," and is performed between the functions of shuffling and cutting. Suppose that the crook wishes to locate the position in the pack, say, of the ace of hearts. He will begin to shuffle in such a way that he can get a glimpse of the undersides (i.e., the faces) of the cards, and once he has sighted it, he will deftly take it in two fingers and slip it at the bottom of the pack. Then he will proceed to "cut" thus:

He will lift one half of the pack and place it on the table, but will contrive to press it from end to end in a slightly concave shape, and at the same time he will apply a slight pressure to the other half so that it is convex. Thus it is easy to see that when the bottom half is placed upon the top there will be a slight division between the halves—*and the ace will be in the middle.*

The second dodge is difficult to detect in a clever performer's hands, and also forms the basis of the three-card trick. In dealing, the pack is held tightly between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and the cards are dealt at lightning speed. Thus the dealer is enabled sometimes to drop a card from the bottom of the pack or shoot one out from the top, just as he pleases. It is this alternate dropping and shooting of the top or the bottom card that makes the three-card trick so difficult to follow.

H. F. HALLS.

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## MORE LEAGUE MEMBERS.

*We print below a further instalment of the list of members of* THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

**LUTON** *(continued).*
H. G. HARRISON, 186, Dunstable Road.
H. E. S. HILL, "Floredene," High Town Road.
F. B. IMPEY, 123, North Street.
S. IVORY, 38, Midland Road.
G. C. KILBY, 68 & 70, Hastings Street.
J. MIMMS, 11, Peach Street.
R. A. NEWHAM, Moor Street.
W. J. PROCTOR, 53, Cowper Street.
H. W. READHEAD, 49, Manor Road.
E. SLOUGH, 57, Crawley Road.
D. SUMMERFIELD, 161, High Town Road.
F. C. WAKEFIELD, 16, Dale Road.
F. WEATHERHEAD, 215, London Road.
C. A. WHITE, 5, Market Hill.

**LYDNEY.**
G. G. F. FISHER, Primrose Hill.
A. STEVENSON, c/o E. Aston, Esq., Mill Hill, Bream.
T. H. YARWORTH, Bream Cross, Bream.

**LYMINGTON**
W. H. ELLIS, 23, Station Street.
J. McPHERSON, Quay Road.
H. WINSHIP, Buckland.

**LYNDHURST.**
G. B. GALTON, Post Office (Staff).
E. L. HALL, c/o Mrs. Biggs, Pemberton Road.
E. RICHARDS, 2, Garde . Villas, Welland Road.
B. J. PAYNE, High Street.

**LYTHAM.**
J. R. BOARD, "Glencoe," Trent Street.
C. E. O. COWELL "Leewood," Ansdell.
J. D. HOLMES, 4, Park Street.

**LUTTERWORTH.**
D. GAULD, c/o Mrs. Underwood, Regent Street.

**MACCLESFIELD.**
W. HARRISON, 59, Crompton Road.
F. HOLSON, 47, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington.
C. HULLEY, "Hill View," Langley.
G. NORTON, 2, Beech Road, Jordangate.
H. ROBINSON, "Woodside," Langley.
J. SMITH, 7, Park Street.
F. SPENCER, 32, High Street.
A. STEEPLES, Tytherington Hall.
A. TAYLOR, "Woodlands," Langley.

**MAESTEG.**
J. W. JAMES, 25, Brynmawr Place.
W. H. JAMES, 25, Brynmawr Place.
G. RICKARD, 5, Church Place.

**MAIDENHEAD.**
W. BOX, "Slottersbrooke."
C. J. CHADWICK, Myrtle Villa, Park Street.
W. H. LEAK, 14, Victoria Street.
A. MAY, 55, King Street.
J. A. OWEN, "Thelma," Clare Road.

**MAIDSTONE.**
A. E. COOPER, 9, Upper Stone Street.
H. FEATHERSTONE, Penenden Heath, Boxley.
C. C. FIELDER, 285, Tonbridge Road.
J. C. M. GAULD, 40, Brewer Street.
F. LEEGOOD, 27, Florence Road.
W. G. SEAR, 24, Week Street.
E. SUNNUCK, 32, Brunswick Street.
W. G. THURSTON, Bower House, Tonbridge Road.
J. G. WARE, 24, Rawdon Road.

**MALVERN.**
H. B. THOMAS, "Lynmouth."

**MALVERN (WEST).**
E. C. J. FOULGER, c/o Mr. Shilton, "May Bank."

**MANCHESTER.**
H. B. AINSWORTH, 27, Wood Street, Whalley Range.
V. ALLEY, 40, Clive Road, Ashton Road West, Failsworth.
A. F. ALLISON, 99, Holliwell Lane, Cheetham Hill.
R. APPLEYARD, Catshnoll Farm, Mount Road, Gorton.
W. A. ASH, 19, Henrietta Street, Old Trafford.
H. ASHBURN, 26, Lansdowne Road, Higher Crumpsall.
G. ASQUITH, 86, Heywood Street, Moss Side.
W. ATKINSON, 446, Manchester Road, Droylsden.
A. AUTY, 31, Stockport Road, Levenshulme.
R. V. BALL, 122, Rochdale Road, Blackley.
D. S. BAMFORD, Heywood Cottage, Middleton.
A. BANNISTER, Chetham's Hospital, Hunt's Bank.
C. A. BARLOW, 65, Oscar Street, Moston.
W. H. BARLOW, 200, Mauldeth Road, Withington.
H. H. BARNES, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
E. BARRATT, 7, Aked Street, Stockport Road, Ardwick.
H. BARRATT, 7, Aked Street, Stockport Road, Ardwick.
R. BELL, 21, Lucknow Grove, Greenheys.
P. BENNETT, 122, Rylance Street, Ardwick.
E. BIRD, 88, Church Street, Newton Heath.
R. BLACKBURN, 7, Lyme Street, Shakespeare St., Cornbrook.
F. BOOTH, 44, Town Lane, Charlesworth.
H. BRADBURY, 11, Royal Street, Ardwick.
A. BRADY, 21, Derby Street, Lower Broughton, Salford.
A. BRANSBY, 63, Seedley Park Road, Pendleton.
W. BRANSBY, 17 Mauldeth Road West.
P. BRATRAM, 57, Mitchell Street, Ancoats.
W. BREARLEY, Birch Villa Hotel, Rusholme.
V. G. BRIGGS, 269, Kersal View, Lower Kersal.
C. BRITNOR, 16, Hester Street, Greenheys.

*(To be continued).*

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# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined: a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Puttees. Best make, regulation; blue serge; 2s. 6d.; post, 2d.—Ross's, Athletic Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

No more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Boots and Shoes of all kinds, made on the latest and best fitting models. Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.—The Perfectphit Shoe Co., 27E, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Real classic tweeds, cut-lengths, patterns.—Jones (Kember), 96, Salop Street, Dudley.

White buckskin shoes, size sixes, cost 11s. 6d.; unworn; 6s.—Box 4563, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dress suit, fit man 5ft. 6in., chest 38in., 20s.; also black Vicuna frock-coat and vest, 15s.; all in quite good condition.—Box 4564, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's black overcoat, velvet collar, 38, 44; in perfect condition; accept 7s. 6d.—Box 4566, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's navy overcoat for travelling or motoring, blue cloth lined Jaeger, double-breasted, deep collar, cut full with pleat at back, for tall man, about 40in. chest, used few times only, cost £4 10s., accept £3.—Box 4567, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Grey serge morning coat and vest, very fine material, chest measurement 41in., in very good order, price 7s. 6d.—Box 4568, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's suit, 25s., nearly new, morning cut coat; chest 34in., sleeve 19in., trousers 33in.—Box 4569, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

For sale, London district, well got up one-horse touring caravan; cheap.—Box 4631, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Camping in Lakeland at the Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick; a genuine offer of free holidays, the most generous and unique offer ever made to the holiday public.—Postcard to Wm. Pattie brings 1911 "Camp Review" (free).

Tents. Army bells; best selected; complete; carriage paid, 35s. Price lists free.—Ross's, Official Scout Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Bagatelle table, open slate bed, on massive mahogany stand, 10ft. by 3ft. 6in., complete, all elaborate accessories, new cloth, indiarubber cushion, cost £25, price to clear at once £6 10s., perfect condition guaranteed.—Box 4570, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's 7-spring grip dumb-bells, as new, cost 12s. 6d., sacrifice 7s. 6d.—Box 4571, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, regulation croquet set for four, perfect condition.—Box 4572, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New 26in. gentleman's cycle, 3-speed, never ridden. Full particulars.—Box 4573, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's second-hand bicycle, very reliable, 24in. frame, free-wheel, 2 brakes, carrier, mud-guards, pump, bell, and all accessories, Dunlop tyres and tubes? What offers?—Box 4574, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

Lancaster ¼-plate stand camera, with two double dark slides and all other accessories.—Box 4650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

¼-plate practically new No. 3 folding pocket Kodak, with combination back, Kodak automatic shutter and rapid rectilinear lens, complete in leather case, cost £5 6d., sell £2 17s. 6d.; bargain.—Box 4575, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Eastman's No. 1 pocket Kodak, daylight loading, time and instantaneous shutter, excellent condition, cost £2 2s., accept £1.—Box 4576, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan up-to-date shorthand. Saves a year's study. Highest speeds. Simple. Rapid. Legible. Practical. Learned in twelve lessons. Interesting handbooks free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London (Est. 1876).

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

## DIGS.

Brighton. Boarding establishment for young gentlemen. "Modern Man" welcome. Terms, 25s. per week; 7s. 6d. week-ends; three minutes Aquarium.—L. P., 7, Atlingworth Street.

## MEDICAL, &c.

**CURLY HAIR.** Urcurtsburg's famous mixture imparts beautiful permanent curls. One bottle sufficient, however listless your hair is. Just introduced into England. Send 1s. now. Results certain.—Urcurtsburg, 3, Huntriss Row, Scarborough.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Three valuable recipes for sale. Tooth Powder, Moustache Grower, and Recipe for Falling Hair and Dandruff, 7d. each, lot 1s. 6d.—Philip Hughes, Weston-super-Mare.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## FINANCIAL, &c.

Provident Bond, £250, paid in £45 10s., ballot section, can borrow immediately. Accept £25.—Box 4577, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rubber Shares, fully paid, 250 at 7½d.—Box 4578 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 50 fully-paid £1 shares, old established prosperous company, paying 17½ per cent. Price £112 10s., would divide.—Box 4579, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman, in settled position, will repay £12 10s. by instalments for loan of £10.—Box 4580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Mansfield, Notts. Fellow (26) desires correspondence with member in above district; view to chumship.—Box 4562, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Few to clear, brand new, safety razor in case, with 7 blades; usually sold at 21s.; post free 3s. 4d.—Box 4646, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Safety razors. Genuine guinea model, handsome silver-plated, double-edge frame, complete in leatherette and plush case. The best value ever offered 2s., post free.—Travis, 44, Elgin Street Hanley, Staffs.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

**PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.**

**Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.**

**Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.**

**12S. 6D.**—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

**32S. 6D.**—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

**10S. 6D.**—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

**10S. 6D.**—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**19S. 6D.**—Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

**12S. 6D.**—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

**19S. 6D.**—Gent.'s £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.**

# GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

# £100 IN CASH PRIZES.

## IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

## FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

## THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugene Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well-being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

## £100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

# FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date 1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at .. .. .. .. 12s. 6d. 18 and up.
Youths' .. .. .. .. 10s. 6d. 14 to 18.
Ladies' .. .. .. .. .. 10s. 6d. 16 and up.

**It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.**

**Signed**.....

**Address**.....

*** Please cross out sizes not required.**

*Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager,* THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21, & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
*Editorial Communications to be addressed to* THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*